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GORDON
AND
Other Poems
BY
G. ABEL





GORDON AND OTHER POEMS.

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AND
OTHER POEMS.

BY
GEORGE ABEL.

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PREFACE.

I FEEL much diffidence, in these days of hyper-criticism, in launching my frail vessel on the great ocean of Literature ; if, however, it should afford amusement and achieve a little good, my time will not be wholly thrown away. I submit it with all modesty to the tender mercies of an indulgent though, I fear, satiated public, and trust it may be not altogether unfavourably received.

THE AUTHOR.

DEDICATION.

WITH grateful thanks for the trouble he has taken in revising considerable portions of my Volume, and from feelings dictated by a long and sincere friendship, I have much pleasure in dedicating my work to the Rev. H. Collier, of the Diocese of Lincoln.

THE AUTHOR.

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GORDON;

OR,

GLIMPSES IN VERSE,

OF THE

LIFE AND WONDERFUL CAREER

OF

GENERAL CHARLES G. GORDON, R.E., C.B., &C.,

Governor-General of the Soudan, distinguished as "Chinese" Gordon.

PREFACE TO GORDON.

HAVING read the epitome of the life of this great man which appeared in the *Graphic* newspaper of the 8th and 15th of March, 1884, and the pamphlet published by Charles H. Allan, Esq., F.R.G.S., Secretary of the British and Foreign Anti-Slavery Society, and the many newspaper articles that recorded and commented thereon, from time to time; the events as they took place were recalled to mind so vividly that I determined to read the works on the subject by Andrew Wilson, Dr. Hill, A. Egmont Hake, and others.

This study, together with the startling events occurring in the Soudan, and the extraordinary mission undertaken by General Gordon at the request of Her Majesty's ministers, so strongly impressed me, that I could not resist the desire of attempting to write a poem, in the hope of pleasing my friends who have promised to become subscribers to my volume. But I also have in view a still higher aim, *viz.*, that perchance I might—even by my feeble

efforts—help to place before the rising generation, in an attractive form, this marvellous example of unselfish heroism in the cause of humanity and civilization.

It has been my endeavour, as far as possible, in touching the ticklish points of International Policy, to treat the subject in as general and impartial a spirit as possible.

THE AUTHOR.

GORDON—SOUDAN—SEQUEL.

Say, who can reckon with fanatic fire,
Or hope to make with Mahdi, or Messiah
An earthly compact? Yet it now would seem
Such wonder British Statesmen fondly dream
By aid of Gordon to perform. They call
Him home. His restless soul would risk life's all
To crush the trade in men. He did engage
With Belgian Leopold to move the stage
Of action to the Congo shores, and there,
When he had raised their hearts from deep despair,
To organize and arm the peaceful blacks,
That, near their homes, they might resist attacks
Of Arab foes. Not hopeful seemed the plan
While rebels unsubdued in force o'er-ran
The desert sands; and so by duty gained
And trusting God and right and power retained
O'er Soudanese, essayed at once the tasks
Gigantic, others failed t' achieve, nor asks
For too strict details of instructions given
From English Ministers to wits'-end driven,
But broader powers from Egypt's Khedive gains
To treat with Mahdi on the South domains.

His masters three, are England, Egypt, God.

With Colonel Stuart (hapless friend !), his rod,
And camel, quickly for Khartoum he starts.

What men of common sense and feeling hearts
Can hope success from this romantic scheme ?

Howe'er, he safe arrived at forkèd stream
Of Nile, where White and Blue in one unite ;

The citizens acclaim, with joy, the sight
Of him they love, revere and trust return'd ;

Each man, to greet the hero, loyal burn'd.

Two months flow on ; the Mahdi stubborn stands

And spurns Egyptian honours, power and lands.

He seeks not earthly rule, but empire wide

O'er all the souls of Islam ; prophet-pride
Inspires his heart the Caliphate to hold ;

Yet compact makes with Slaver-Sheiks ; nor gold,
Nor treasure shuns to gain his mighty aim.

He promises to help the trade of shame,
For Al-Koran forbids it not. " We strive,"

Cries he, " for freedom, and perforce to drive
All Franks from Africa and from Asian shores,

And Allah, gracious, heavenly blessings pours
On all the faithful who shall join our hosts."

A crowd of fierce fanatics glide like ghosts
To swell his growing power. Thus, Gordon sees,

Alas, Egyptian troops ! No hope for these,
Except " to smash the Madhi." Intercourse

Cut off with East and Southern Soudan force ;
For Sinkat, Tokar, Berber, Senäär,

Kassala, all invested closely are.
 To sneak away upon the fav'ring Nile,
 As oft suggested by the rank and file
 Of peace-at-any-price, and dastard factions
 Who think that Britain, *but* in trading actions
 No duties hath beyond her island shores ;
 To leave the faithful soldiers, and the scores
 Of trustful merchants to a dreadful fate !
 Moreover, break his word to every State
 Of Soudan's staunch allies, whose chiefs deceived
 Would curse the man they had so true believed !
 Such base and craven thoughts ne'er stirr'd his breast.
 He fortifies Khartoum : defies the hest ;
 The Madhi sends ; though press'd a thousand ways ;
 For many months beneath th' admiring gaze
 Of Christendom, holds out, and marvellous deeds
 Performs ! Meanwhile, the British nation pleads
 In vain to stolid rulers aid to send
 Their mind they know not, or they fear to spend
 The nation's money for so rash an end.
 And yet dispatch a force to Suakim,
 To crush that slaver, Osman Digna, him
 The Madhi calls Lieutenant, bosom friend !
 Too late from Arab fury now to fend
 The brave-souled garrisons ; but thousands kill
 At Tamanieb and wild El Teb ;—a will
 Strange and inscrutable, if meant to aid
 The peaceful embassy on Gordon laid !

* * * * *

“No news! No news from Gordon!” every lip
Lets fall; and months of gloomy aspect slip,
Before the vacillating Statesmen grip
The danger of delay. At last they dare
Withstand, no longer, pressure brought to bear
Upon their will by Britain’s angry cries;
But *then* a month of futile discord flies;
Erewhile they witless choose the river route
Instead of railway line; the point was moot,
No doubt, but why not see to act before?
Their blindness was political! The more,
They feared a railway would imply the rash
Intention to annex the Soudan; “Smash
The Madhi!” Autumn wanes, while Wolesley leads
His splendid little army by the reeds
Of falling Nile. Romantic Expedition!
See how the soldiers row sans intermission,
Directed by Canadian crews, with blocks
The boats are (o’er the cataracts and rocks)
With skill uplifted. When, at length, they’ve gained
The town of Dongola; camel-corps are trained
And drill’d; then, through the arid desert hie
The anxious troops; in fervid actions vie.
And hope elastic cheers them on to save
Their comrade at Khartoum—the good and brave;
Two bloody battles win against the foe
So fierce; who ten to one in numbers show.
Near Shendy and Metammeh now they meet
With Gordon’s soldiers bold, and little fleet;

Combine, in vain, Metammeh to attack ;
Artillery and men sufficient lack.

Up stream then, Beresford and Wilson sail ;
Alas, the toil and loss without avail !

By two short days, too late, they reach the goal !
What disappointment ! Grief now fills each soul ;

Khartoum has fallen. Gordon low is laid !
O'erwhelm'd at last, when treachery betrayed.

* * * * *

“Hero of heroes !” Riches, honours, fame,

Were never thine unselfish bosom's aim !

Thy thought to save thy country from deep shame ;

To serve thy God and freedom's righteous cause ;

The children of the desert under laws

Humane to bring. Thy blood to heaven appeals !

In death, thy glory from the future steals

That freedom, living thou couldst not embrace

To bless the down-trod slaves of ebon race !

INTRODUCTION TO GORDON.

Why rests the harp, in silent case,
Unstrung, unstruck? With bursting heart,
Britannia sighs! Her blushing face
In shame is hid! Impulsive start
Her life-chords! Stretch'd with racking pain
Her eye-balls glare! To far-off lands
Her gaze, o'er tracks unblest with rain,
Extends, where, on the arid sands,
The ostrich skims and camels tread,
Her noble hero strives alone,
Unback'd by British arms! His head,
And cane with power like magic stone,
His weapons! Confident in right
And justice, love and mercy, stands
This man of Saxon race, to fight
Against oppression's cruel bands,
Fanatic hordes, slave-hunters, crowds
Of greedy foreigners, and peace
Restore; and then disperse the clouds
Of hate, that anarchy may cease.
Meanwhile, Britannia's rulers sit
With folded arms; look on and wait

On Providence ! Nor deem it fit
 To work the engines of the State,
 Till that unselfish, dauntless man
 Shall failing, call for help, or die !
 Oh, drifting shifts, and spurting plan !
 To let the precious moments fly,
 And fearing shadows, tempting fate ;
 Till frantic is the nation's cry,
 " They ever act too late ! too late ! "

* * * * *

When Boers and Irish lawless rave.
 Too tardy, bared, the nation's arm
 Its helpless wasted blood to save,
 Or Alexandria shield from harm ;
 Bombarded, the fair city blazed
 By citizens aroused, and crazed !
 Next Hicks, in Soudan's thirsty land,
 Against the Mahdi, helpless fell,
 For Britain lent slight aiding hand ;
 Then Baker to the fatal well
 Led craven bands, a rabble rout,
 To die in shoals by Arab darts !
 Awaiting help, *too late* sent out,
 The Sinkat heroes, noble hearts,
 Died to a man ! At last, in haste
 From Suakim, a British force
 Is sent across the desert waste,
Too late for help ; they stem the course
 Of Osman Digna's swarthy band ;

Six thousand Arabs slay, who fight
The Mahdi's foes, to free the land
From Turks' and Franks' oppressive might
And think they struggle for the right.
Oh, what a cost of coin and men!
And what is gained? Things stand the same
And Arab tribes uprising again!
Too late! too late! O Britain, Shame!
For Britain's hero at Khartoum,
Then, who can hope for better fate?
Since, still deaf rulers watch his doom
Perchance a victim of *Too late!*

G O R D O N .

AN OUTLINE OF HIS LIFE AND ADVENTURES IN CHINA AND
THE SOUDAN, &C.

CANTO I.—THE CRIMEA.

WHEN the pachas of Turkey, unrighteous and grim,
Have the cup of oppression filled up to the brim,
And the slavish misgovern'd are rising at last
To recover their freedom and blot out the past ;
When the Sclavons, uprousing from apathy's sleep,
To the Russian intriguers and plotters so deep
Are but looking for aid to supply them with arms,
And the Sultan is worried by war's fell alarms ;
Then a cloud, far away, is observed in the East
(Not so large as your hand), in the form of a beast.
Oh ! what prodigy this that seems peering about ?
'Tis the bear from the Pole, you may tell by the snout
(Not a native of Lebanon, shaggy and brown),
O'er the heights of Jerusalem slyly looks down !
Oh ! for what can he fish in that city so fair ?
Tis the Sepulchre's Keys that he angles for there.

But the Eagle of France had his eyes on those keys—
On behalf of the Pope he protects, if you please.
So the rivalry grows between Roman and Greek,
And the cloud waxes bigger ; the sick man is weak !
Lo, the east wind is blowing the cloud to the west,
And creating a panic—disturbing the rest
Of the Corps-Diplomatic ! The portents are grave,
And expediency whispers, the Porte we must save,
For the *bird* and the *beast* are both seen in that cloud,
And from muttering and spattering, are speaking aloud.
So the Sultan is troubled, for would you believe,
While the *beast* nips his slipper the *bird* plucks his sleeve.
Now the Eagle, no doubt, had designs of his own,
But the aims of the bear were by far better known ;
For the dreams of the Czar, yclept “ Peter the Great,”
Were express’d in his testament left to the state,
That his heirs and successors should, aye, have in view
The command of the Bosphorus, Dardanelles too ;
For with strongholds so famous the world might be ruled.
So in such like ambition was Nicholas school’d,
And Napoleon, mindful of Gallic desires
And their changeful complexion, for safety aspires
To a prestige in Europe ; he seizes the chance
By a war, to step in, as the Emperor of France,
To the Conclave of Princes, and join in the dance
Of the quintette divine ! that the “ balance of power ”
May not *lose* the French lever to index the hour.
While the British protest, but decline to do more,
They can hardly do less ; Britain’s weak at the core !

For her statesmen are taught by the Manchester schools
That to fight is a measure supported by fools.
So to strengthen the hands of the government clique,
Some "apostles of peace," in a wonderful freak,
Are deputed to fall at the feet of the Czar
(Who had thrown down his gauntlet as ready to spar),
And beseech that His Highness will spare the poor Turk ;
Had you seen his eyes glitter—the comical smirk
That he gave to the apostles, whilst deigning a wink
To his chancellor, Nesselrode, truly, I think
You'd have found yourself rather too tight at the girth,
In polite resolution to stifle your mirth.
" 'Tis unchristian to fight, be the cause what it may,"
Said the spokesman ; the Czar had but little to say,
Yet he hinted that some kind of treaty be made
When the Turks were subdued, that should rally the trade
Of Great Britain. They rise, they salute, and depart.
There's no doubt but they felt rather heavy at heart
To come home like the dog that had singèd his tail ;
For the wily old Czar by his wit, without fail,
In a moment had seen through the Quaker's thick veil ;
So he shouted to Nessel, " Let no time be lost,
For the nation of shopkeepers, counting the cost
Of a war European, will never more scour
O'er the plains of the East, for the '*balance of power*.'"
Then he gave a *carte-blanche* to provide for the fight,
And he poured o'er the Pruth his half-million in might
On the lands of the Turk ; and they tore down the vine,
And they trampled the roses, whose scent is so fine,

Where the attar-like incense pervades the clear air
In the fields of Roumelia, fertile and fair !
Then Roumanians, Bulgars, and Servians bold,
With the brave Montenegrins from mountain stronghold,
Are swelling the ranks of the Russ ; and the bear
Eats the honey—he finds it so plentiful there.
Whilst the Crescent is waning, and Pachas grow weak,
Armenians are rising : unsettled the Greek.
With *pour-parlers* the courts of Mid-Europe are ringing,
But the Prussians no reason can see for war-singing,
And the Austrians, neutral, incline to on-looking ;
So impatient the French must remain, though ill brooking,
Till the turn of the tide shall the British awake
To behold the Black Sea a mere Russian-closed lake !
But the fall of Sinope soon alters the case,
So atrocious the conduct of Russians, so base
In the treatment they offer'd the foe, as they lay
On the ground ! For the dying no mercy that day
Did receive from the pitiless bear. Then the heart
Of Britannia was stirred on humanity's part,
And at meetings indignant, stentorian lungs
Were now breathing for vengeance, and trumpeting tongues
From the pulpit and platform and rostrum rang out
Of the massacre terrible ; shout upon shout
In the ears of the rulers—no uncertain sound—
And the wavering statesmen were forced to come round
To the views of the people. Although unprepared
For a struggle in Europe, yet war was declared.
But the strange thing of all that then happen'd, I ween,

Was the fact that foemen of cent'ries were seen
Marching shoulder to shoulder to join in the fray !
But " th' apostles of peace " now look on with dismay.
Aye, the armies and fleets of the two Western Powers
Are despatched to lay siege to Sebastopol's towers ;
And they reach the Crimea ; the Angle and Gaul
Join to fight on the Alma, the Russians appal ;
But the battles are many, the fiercest of all
Was at famed Balaclava ; need *I* relate more,
For a poet made Lord has described it before
In the style that " the waters come down at Lodore."
I refer you to Kinglake and history's page,
Since 'tis time that my hero appear'd on the stage.

In Balaclava's harbour safe
The fleet is moor'd ; the sailors chafe
Because the Russian ships are sunk
Within the port, and not a trunk
Or spar is seen above the black
And turbid waters ! Not a smack
On spacious ocean saw sea-fight !
But work of landmen ! What a slight
For British tars who've not yet learn'd
To share the honour, soldier-turned,
Of camp and dyke ! It was a strain
To see their cannon pound in vain
Against Sebaste's granite walls !
At last to list to trumpet calls !

And now the dykes are deeply cut,
And earth-works rise, and faggots jut
At angles sharp. Who shares the strain
In all this work? Whose active brain
Directs this gun, and fires that train?
Who, always on th' alert, is there,
Above, below, and everywhere;
Has gained respect for talents rare?
Who pointed where defence was weak?
Whom did they trust the plans to seek
Of tricky Russe, and his attacks
Lay bare? direct the proper tracks
For stout fascines? 'Twas Gordon, he
Of whom 'twas said he ne'er could be
An officer of any mark,
Because he join'd in boyish lark,
Or sympathized with wild cadets
Against some stuck-up martinets!
But he had sprung from warlike race,
For on the father's side we trace
A line of soldiers, doughty knights
Who fought for country's honour—rights!
So when rebuked for escapade
By officer of higher grade,
Predicting he could never rise
To post of leader, soldier's prize,
He felt the sting, his eye flashed fire,
He tore his epaulets in ire
From off his shoulders; madly fleet,

Down dashed them at the censor's feet.
Who'd think from eyes so mildly grey
To kindle rage, or fire display ?
But from the flint so cold and dark
Steel can extract the burning spark.
On Gordon's mother's side, we're told
Of more than one explorer bold
Who toiled for science—*not* for gold.
So early did the lad evince
A love for war, that, like a prince,
He topp'd the schoolboys in the fight,
And ever siding with the right,
The bullies often put to flight.
He showed his love for venture bold.
Reading romances, new and old,
Or many stirring stories told
By silent night, when dous'd the glim,
Delighted hearers listen'd him.
O reader, pardon this digression !
If need, I must make full confession ;
In travelling quick upon my road,
I stumbled o'er this episode.

And now came winter, cold and drear,
"Black Winter" called in sad Crimea.
The snow lay thick upon the ground,
And shiv'ring in the trenches found
The wearied soldiers, sick and faint.
What muse can sing—what pencil paint

Their suff'rings cruel? sore complaint?
No blankets, cloaks, or warm attire
Fuel scant, nor, sufficient fire.
Denied the comforts tardy sent,
How many precious lives are spent?
For muddle marks official deeds,
And blund'ring folly far exceeds
Belief! Thus, ships that carry clothes
Are sent to any port but those
Where watch'd each eye for some relief.
And Neptune, too, perhaps from grief
That all the fighting was on land,
Unkind, withholding helpful hand,
Engulphs a transport, close in shore,
That many needful comforts bore.

Then how must Gordon's generous breast
With pity heave, and sad unrest
'Mid all these woes! Now see him share
His rations here, his blankets there
With some poor hungry private, bare
Of proper clothing, weak and ill—
For many such the trenches fill!
Nor was his lot a life of ease,
For he would strive some point to seize,
Of vantage, where the bullets hail,
Or guide the course of cannon trail
In face of flying fiery shell
That near his feet loud-bursting fell.

It seemed that Providence preserved
Our hero ; calm'd his soul, and nerved
His spirit brave, as shadowing fore
Some mighty enterprise in store !
For faith and hope in higher life
Sustain'd him 'mid this toil and strife ;
Not doctrine barren, monkish lore,
On which the school-men fondly pore,
But living deeds of right and love,
As taught by Him who reigns above !
His letters home such thoughts display
Of true religion's gentle sway.
These letters, too, unfold the man
Who watch'd each artifice and plan,
Compared the tactics of the foe
With Frenchmen's scientific blow ;
Nor spared the blunders of our own
In rash and reckless bravery shown.
He praised the Turk where praise was due,
And lauded bold Italians too.

When Inkerman was fought and won,
And Kertch had fallen to British gun,
The lines grew closer, day by day,
Around the Russian city grey ;
At length, Sebastopol, thy towers
And mounds must yield ; united powers
Of Britain, France, and Turkey throng,
With barve Sardinians, fierce and strong,

To scale thy heights, besieged so long.
Then first the Gaul and Briton hied
To gain the Mamelon's horrid side.
Here see amongst the foremost stride,
The youthful Gordon, calm and brave,
To meet the hail the foemen gave
Of shot and shell! 'Tis deathly sport
To seize this strong out-lying fort!
The Frenchmen fiercely lead the van,
For fame and duty fires each man;
And soon the Gallic colours fly
Upon the mound, and flout the sky!
Then next their troops with *élan* reach,
And hope-forlorn, the gaping breach
Of Malakoff: with frantic strife
The Russians fought, and life for life,
And man for man, by hundreds fall,
And o'er the silenced cannon sprawl.
Still on they come, this Gallic crowd,
To warfare train'd, of glory proud;
And from the foe their volley's rain,
And glitt'ring steel the vict'ry gain!
Meanwhile, the British rifles ran
To scale the fatal, grim redan.
Oh, rashly led! Oh, madly brave!
Though thrice repulsed, as tidal wave
Opposed by rocks, with breakers roars,
Yet onward flows to reach the shores,
So British forces onward rush

'Mid bursting shells and bullets, crush
Through foes unyielding ! Hand to hand
The yet undaunted Russians stand,
Till overpower'd by British steel,
They waver now, their masses reel ;
Then one last with'ring volley rain
And leave the ramparts strown with slain ;
But rallying from an inner fort,
They see the victors need support,
For, through some blund'ring order given,
The van-rank from the rear is riven !
The Russians quick renew the fire ;
Outnumber'd, Britons now retire.
But gallant Frenchmen nimbly run,
Since Malakoff's securely won,
To join the fast retreating line ;
And by a movement grandly fine
They flank the foe, and scale the mound,
With feet ensanguined stamp the ground !
The bold defenders flee ; each ridge
Is clear'd ; in haste to gain the bridge
And reach the south side of the town,
See, hundreds in the water drown !

This vict'ry gain'd, the war drags on,
For stubborn is the Cossack-don.
Another shore becomes the stage,
To engineering skill engage.
Here Gordon's genius overpowers

The staunch defence of Kinburn Towers !
Again he hails Crimean land
To blow up forts, and take his stand
In that array of British power
Review'd ! Behold the pride, the flower
Of Britain's sons ; for now, the hour
They stand supreme ! And all confess'd
That Palmerston had done his best.
Then envy grows, and jealous sense,
And Gallia, tired of war's expense,
Is ready to accept release
When vanquish'd Russia seeks for peace.
So war is o'er and peace proclaim'd,
And Gordon 'mid the honour'd named.

CANTO II.—CHINA.

THE din of arms, artillery's thunder o'er,
Crimean vet'rans proudly leave the shore
By Black Sea billows laved, with joy to seek
The fond embraces loving hearts bespeak,
Of mothers, fathers, brothers, sisters, wives,
And sweethearts dear, who daily watched the lives
Of those who fought. Whose minds were wont to feast
Upon the news then flashing from the East!
But Gordon, mark'd by destiny's decrees
And stirred by love of venture, scorn of ease,
Disdaining barrack-life, has higher aim!
"What," reasons he, "the worth of glory—fame?
Of all this slaughter, trouble, toil, and cost?
Without just limits fix'd, 'tis labour lost."
Thus fired with zeal to aid the peaceful work,
His service offers. Briton, Frenchman, Turk,
Agreed to place him on the staff of those
Commissioners of Boundaries; they chose
The man for well-proved engineering skill,
But fate, and this was more important still,
Was urgent trial of his powers to make
At compromising game of give and take,
The secret workings of the mind to ken,
And teach him early how to govern men.

First Bessarabia's fertile plains
Were claim'd as just punishment
From Russia's vanquish'd emperor ;
This pressing, hard condition
By Palmerston was first proposed,
Who firmly laid his hand on
This fruitful spot, he boldly vow'd
Roumania should stand on.
We all know how he fought it out
With Parliament in session,
Although Czar Alexander stormed
About his pet possession ;
And William, England's orator,
That subtle politician,
Declared the treaty too severe—
That England sad contrition
Would feel some day for this affair,
For " Russia had her mission !"
We now ken what that mission meant—
San Stephanos decided
That, whilst it set the Slavons free,
It left the rule divided
Between the Czar and his allies—
And Europe sat outwitted
Till English state-craft intervened.
But how the *fable* fitted
That brave ally Roumania
Against the Sultan pitted !
How Russia took the *lion's share*

When Turkey was defeated,
By filching Bessarabia
From Roumans badly treated!

When this commission work in Europe's done
And that in Asia Minor just begun,
Our hero, still amid the chosen few
Is found. Armenia now receives her due
Attention. Districts Russian next they fix,
With Kurdish tribes and Turkish pachalies.
'Twas in these petty wrangles, man with man,
The Eastern character he learn'd to scan,
And how to deal with semi-savage mind,
Whose flow'ry language, skilful weaved, to blind
The western understanding, cold but fair ;
Unravel'd, oft displayed some cunning snare !
As thus, to make themselves by Franks believed
They murmured " Lo ! like pelicans bereaved
By wily serpents of their young, aggrieved
By pachas' lust that steal our maidens fair,
Whose fathers rave, and mothers rend their hair,
We mourn."—Commissioners enquiry hold,
And find these pelicans their daughters sold,
Sometimes, as wives, for heavy sums of gold!

The limits traced, our hero homeward turns,
Where national pride with love parental burns,

¹ I do not vouch for the strict veracity of this matter as I have the information from a private source.

And longing hearts, that anxious beat, awaits
 Their son's arrival, deeming that the State
 Should never grudge a few short fleeting hours
 Of his high-valued time, for kinship's bowers.
 But long, this man for active duty framed,
 Could not remain at rest ; now see him named
 The useful post of Adjutant to fill !
 In this he show'd the true didactic skill
 Of training men to Field-work's patient drill.
 One year consumed in these important tasks,
 The State, for China's shores, his service asks.

* * * * *

The Land-of-Flowers, where bright camelias blow,
 Where golden oranges and tea-plants grow,
 Whose leaves oft minister to British joy
 Refreshing beverage without alloy
 Of inebriety ! Where silk-worms spin
 The shining web, so strong and yet so thin,
 Which woven into fabric from the floss
 Gives to the dress of beauty, peerless gloss.
 This land Celestial, where they worship Joss,¹
 Their Emp'ror, brother to the moon and sun !
 Whose mandarins with pride are over-run,
 Is now disturb'd with fierce sedition's strife ;
 Pagodas, temples, palaces and life
 Of nobles fall before the mad-led throng !
 And silent is the royal twanging gong

¹ Joss, a corruption of the Portuguese "Deos"—God, applied by the Chinese to any kind of worship.

At Nanking famed as central city strong ;
 For Taiping,¹ proudly self-called Tien-Wang,²
 Usurps the throne, and rules his lawless gang
 Of thieves, polygamists, and murd'ers foul,
 Who fight like Jews, like spurious Christians howl,
 But as Chinese philosophers they grin
 And scorn their base religion, while they sin !
 Such was the Pigeon-Joss,³ a jumble strange
 Of Jewish polity, and ranting mangle
 Of Christian counterfeit that scab-like grew
 Upon Chinese philosophy askew
 And warped like Chinese eyes that slanting view.⁴

Oh ! could Fôt the transformation see,
 Would he not weep Celestial tears ? and he
 Confucius, Plato of the " Flowery Land,"
 The wise ! Ah ! would not he hold forth his hand
 In deprecation of these rites, this rave,
 With hope to stem the tide ? The nation save ?
 But who can wonder at this wild turmoil
 That knows, who sowed the seed, and what the soil
 On which this foul and fœtid fungus grew ;
 The sower, Hung-seu-tsewen, scribe and " screw,"

¹ Taiping, or Taeping—Christian King.

² Tien-Wang—Heavenly King.

³ " Pigeon "—European as spoken at Canton. Hence pigeon-English as spoken by Chinese. Pigeon-Joss, the worship introduced by Christian Missionaries, as practised by the followers of Taiping.

⁴ See Oliphant's " China and Japan."

And village schoolmaster who fail'd to pass
 Examination for his post ; this ass,
 A dreaming opium-smoker, haply met
 A man of Canton clothed in coat of jet
 And flowing robe, who swift upon him set,
 And prophesied, that it should be his fate
 Upon the Dragon-Throne to sit in state,
 When he had saved the poor and set them free
 From mandarin, and mantchu slavery.
 The prophet at whose feet this Taiping sat
 Was Roberts-Isaachar yclept, a rat
 That ate palatial salt, but gnaw'd the cheese
 Of rebel hordes his Taiping friend to please—
 A mission-ranter sent across the seas
 To propagate the Gospel's heav'nly news
 Bespiced with Yankee-democratic views !
 Thus taught ; the semi-idiot Hung began—
 In any State of Europe, such a man
 Had, long ago, as one deranged in mind,
 In some secure asylum, been confined ¹
 But in the East, a madman roams at will,
 As sacred held ; so Hung grew madder still,
 Each day. As time flew on he sowed the seed
 Of rank rebellion, on a soil where need
 And heavy taxes, poverty and hate
 Had rich prepared ! The plant at rapid rate

¹ See Dr. Reunie's "China and Japan."—Isaachar Roberts, an American Missionary, the Christian instructor of Hung, was in communication with the rebels at the same time that he was being received at Court.

Now grew. The Kwang-tung¹ blossom soon bore fruit
 A thousand fold ; till all became the loot
 Of Taiping, and his kindred now made *wangs*.
 Each village, hut, and rice-field, horrid gangs
 Laid waste from Nanking city to Hankow ;
 So Boo-Wang reign'd at fortified Souchou,
 And "Yellow-Tiger," "Cock-eye," "One-eyed-Dog,"
 With other tyrant *storks* displaced King Log !
 Till all the cities on the Yangtse-Kiang
 Were in the power of Hung the famous Wang.
 And yet official China's stubborn pride
 With all this trouble was ill-satisfied ;
 For when the anarchy was at its height
 The Canton Governor, despotic wight,
 "The Arrow's" crew, beneath the British Flag
 Had seized ;² reprisals follow'd, and some wag
 In fun, or else in error, first mistook
 A Chinese Merchantman, by hook or crook,
 For Man-of-War ! So says the book.³
 Remonstrance came from that proud mand'rin Yey,
 Who swore that black was white, and *yea* was nay,—
 "That 'Arrow'-coolies weren't in English pay ;
 That British, French, Americans, in turn,
 To enter Canton's sacred precincts burn !"
 Barbarians insulted are, they say ;
 Demands are rife, and Elgin paves the way

¹ Kwang-tung was the native village of the Taiping.

² See Oliphant's "China and Crimea."

³ The Blue Book.

For new concessions ; Tientsin's treaty's made,
 Winning some great facilities for trade,
 But this at Pekin must be countersign'd,
 So up the Peiho paddle-steamers wind ;
 But China blocked the way, and pour'd her hail
 Upon Gaul's Eagle's, British Lion's sail !
 Now Gordon, once again, appears in view
 At famed terrific storming of Taku.
 How straight the Mautchu Tartars shot ! How brave
 They fought ! And their wretched lives to save
 John-China-men were apt to run away
 And laugh and jeer, and pocket two-months' pay ;
 Who tried all sorts of tricks to quit their place,
 As casting pepper in the sergent's face ;
 Yet none more *cool* than *coolies* under fire !
 This victory won, they march through mud and mire,
 And take Tientsin. With blood and water reeking,
 At length they reach the Royal city—Peking.
 Here pride and treachery and folly reign :
 And favour, flatt'ring words of falsehood gain.
 Here stubborn mandarins out-witted Hope,¹
 Who tried in vain with their deceit to cope.
 At last the patience Anglican worn out,
 A fearful havoc soon is brought about ?
 Behold each entrance block'd, each fort attack'd,
 The Summer-Palace desecrated, sack'd,
 And stripp'd of all its valued works of art !
 The prized of ages, relics set apart

¹ The Commander-in-Chief of the allied force.

As household gods by brothers of the Sun!
The work of ages in two days undone!¹
And this is modern warfare! Satire fell
On France and England, powers that boasting tell
Of how they vie in civilizing men!
To grace an Eyrie, deck a Lion's den,
They play the game of wild ourang-ou-tangs,
And emulate the ravage of the Wangs!
Ah! Could our hero, Gordon's, mind approve
This devastation! No; behold him move.
With grave and down-cast face, upon the scene,
Through grots and alcoves arch'd with flow'ry screen,
O'er miles of carpet-grassy, deck'd with sheen
Of blossoms rare! on which the peacocks stalk,
Where ladies propp'd on feet fantastic walk
Along the marble paths that skirt a lake
Of shining loveliness, whose islands break
The even face; and where from brink to beach
Some bridges made of stone, artistic reach;
The whole embosom'd by gigantic trees,
Upon whose branches bending with the breeze
The gold and silver plumaged pheasants sit,
And birds-of-paradise on light wings flit
From spray to sprig with chatter, chirp, and chit.
Pagodas raised on artificial mounds,
Four hundred feet above the level grounds,
On charming spots, extending many miles,
Appear, with glitt'ring roofs of yellow tiles!

¹ See Dr. Reunie's "China and Japan."

And all this glorious scene, in distant sky
 Is back'd by Tartar mountains weird and high !

* * * * *

The Celestials are humbled, the Sun and the Moon
 Are besought by their brother their help to send soon ;
 But the Sun is too busy, the *moon* coldly shines,
 While the *lunatic* Taiping completes his designs.
 And the fleets of the Gaul and the Briton withdraw,
 Since the treaty is sign'd, the result of the war ;
 With the spoils of the Palace they sail to the West,
 For the den of the Lion, the Eagle's high nest.
 But the Wangs are successful, and threaten Shangae,
 That emporium of Tea-Trade, where Merchant-men stay
 To befreight their trim vessels with fragrant Bohea.
 Now in vain the Celestials look over the sea
 For the help of barbarians ready enough
 If to deal in their marts and to bargain for stuffs ;
 But to put down rebellion were folly indeed
 To the Western i leas ; so, feeling their need,
 Foreign traders alarm'd to adventurers plead ;
 Then they form a contingent for keeping at bay
 The victorious rebels that threaten Shanghae
 From the rabble were chosen two captains, we learn,¹
 From America hailing ; the first, fierce and stern,
 Was one Ward, filibuster, without e'en a cent,
 Who had landed in China ; with grand scheme, he went
 To the Regent, Prince Kung ; and he offered to crash

¹ For historical matter of this portion I am greatly indebted to "The Graphic," March 8th, 1884.

The rebellion ; ten millions of dollars in cash,
He declared would suffice to restore them to peace
Everlasting ; the Prince gave him license to fleece
The adherents of Wangs, and a sum in advance
He laid down ; so the Yankee was pleased with the chance
To attack the maurauders ; inspiring his hosts
With desire for the loot ; the two outlying posts
Were soon captured ; but such was the skill of the foe
That they shot him, when storming the city Ningpo.
His successor, one Burgevine, led the same gangs ;
As to plunder they vied with the British and Wangs !
It was painful to witness the grief of Sol's brother
At his temples despoil'd ! Not one tile on another
Was allow'd to remain ! But to fill up his bag
Burgevine went too far, for he "sloped" with the "swag,"
After striking the paymaster hard, with his fist !
So Li-Hung called the Futai, this Captain dismiss'd.
When they see bucaneeering can *do* nothing more,
They go down on their knees, British aid to implore ;
But the *pith* of the question was not understood,
For the Christians thought Taiping a *prophet of good* ;
And the Radical leaders believed it was wrong
To contend with a patriot rebel so strong,
Who cried, "Down with the *Mautchu-dynasty* of Kings,
For what matter to us if they set up the *Mings*,
And are canibalized by the new-turn of things ?"
But it wouldn't be fair to our Statesmen and thinkers,
To suppose them in fault ; since the *tailors and tinkers*,
And the "sons of St. Crispin" had *yet* to be taught.

It was not, till he saw that his tea might run short,
 Mr. "Vox-Populi" to his senses was brought,
 Then an *infidel sinner* the Taiping was thought!
 So, at last, when the modest request came to hand,
 For a General, fit for the "Flowery-Land,"
 Master Bull, like the beautiful moth of Japan,¹
 Importuned by the night-flies, cast round for a man
 That would risk his renown in a venture so dire,—
 As the night-flies, their bodies, procuring the fire
 For the moth they adored, in the flames to expire;—
 In his luck netted Gordon, who versed in affairs
 Of the Empire Celestial,—its pitfalls and snares,—
 Now accepted the post; took command of the band
 Of the loot-loving rabble, the scum of the land,
 The ill-arm'd, the undisciplined, outrageous crew
 That the Yankees had led, having pillage in view!
 But these four thousand outlaws he drilled into form,
 To attack the stockades, and the cities to storm.
 With his trim little gun-boats upon the Sung-Kiang,
 He departed with hope of defeating the High-Wang!

* * * * *

To soothe his parents' fears and care,
 Our hero laid his motives bare;—
 "He set himself a task humane,

¹ The fable of "The Beautiful Moth of Japan" is very prettily told in Oliphant's "China and Japan." The moral drawn from it being, "Let patriots beware of risking their fortunes and lives for an ungrateful country." But Gordon was rather a philanthropist than a patriot, or it might have been more difficult to net him for such an undertaking.

Became a man'drin not for gain!"
For glory? No; what glory lights
On him who 'gainst Rebellion fights?
As many think, to quash the rights
Of freedom; stem the onward course
Of true religion; close the source
Of love and faith! But Gordon knew
What mock'ry of religion-true
This Taiping's was! What seedling base!
Endeav'ring hard to prove his case,
He show'd 'twas best to strike the roots
Of this pernicious plant whose fruits
Of hellish poison marr'd all good,
And in the way of justice stood!
"Should he refuse the call of Fate,
How many years of woe and hate
Ere peace and plenty joyous grow!
And streams of kindly feeling flow!
Besides, when, once, this fertile field
Is open'd up, and led to yield
To Europe's civilizing hand,
It may in future, blest, expand."
He promised mid the strife and clash,
When soldiers charge with fearless dash,
To venture nothing wild and rash,
Allay'd a mother's deep concern,
Predicting safe and quick return.

* * * * *

Not tardy, on defensive lines

His plans are laid ; for he opines
 'Tis surest, quickest, at the heart
 To aim the bullet, throw the dart,
 To cut the main-spring of supplies ;
 The rebels in their holds surprise.
 Swift on Yaugtse's fav'ring stream
 See his boats with muskets gleam ;
 Drawn by steam-tugs arm'd along
 Glide with purpose fierce and strong
 To strike the Taiping's lawless throng !

* * * * *

Of British Officers a few
 Had volunteer'd to join his crew,
 But only one remained to see
 The last decisive victory.
 'Twas Surgeon-Moffit, loved indeed,
 A brave companion, friend in need,
 Through ev'ry suffering with him pass'd,
 To soothe, or heal, from first to last.

* * * * *

And first on Fushan's muddy shore,
 Now under cover of the roar
 Of guns Imperial, Gordon lands
 His brave and eager Tartar bands ;
 The city falls ; Chautzu is freed,
 A loyal garrison in need
 Of succour. Victors swiftly sail
 To Gordon's camp, in triumph trail
 The rebel captives ; lesson stern

For wav'ring coward-minds to learn !
New-drilled, his little army sped
To storm Taitan, that fortress dread,
Whence Holland's¹ vanquish'd force had fled,
By scouts untruthful tale misled.
Ten thousand well-arm'd men are here,
Within the walls embraced by mere ;
Supported by the renegades
Of Europe ; strong behind stockades !
But Gordon's genius spurn'd the moats,
And cross'd them with a bridge of boats.
The ramparts breach'd, the walls assail'd,
The cannon-balls by hundreds hail'd.—
A struggle horrible ensued,
As terror-struck, with blood imbrued,
The rebels pouring through the gates,
Deserted by the angry fates,
Bereav'd of hope, deprived of breath,
Are trampled by their friends to death.
Oh, frightful scene ! Oh, victory dear !
For Gordon mourns a loss severe
Of his brave men ! And his distress
Is doubled by the wickedness
Of mad allies,—Imperial troops,
The captives see bow'd down in groups,
Imploring mercy, on the mud,

¹ Captain Holland had the temporary command of the contingent forces while Gordon was finishing the defences of Tientsin, which he had been retained to perform, after withdrawal of French and English.

And brute-like, slay them in cold blood !—
Whilst he laments his lack of power
To save them in this fatal hour !
And England, ignorant of the truth,
This action blames, nor knows his ruth.
Unjustly, sland'rous tongues defame
Our matchless hero's noble name !

Another trouble stirs his breast,—
By bad example of the rest
His men in deeds of plunder share
And steal the spoils so rich and rare.—
To punish them for this offence,
His disapproval and his sense
Of wrong to show ; before the loot
They can dispose, he takes the route
That leads to fortified Quinsang,
Another centre of *The Wang*.
So deep his scheme, so quick his thoughts,
He sets th' allies to man the forts :
And leading back his grumbling crew,
He organised the force anew,
And mixed the ranks with Britons true.
But aye with good is evil bent,
Not ev'ry flow'r has rosy scent :
He had with envy's shafts to deal,
For all his majors jealous feel ;—
An English Officer is made
Lieutenant-Colonel, as to grade,

But Sub-Commissary, his place.
 So, thinking this a sore disgrace,
 Had not he shown a stern decision,
 They would in mutiny have risen.

Quinsan, Imperials now invest,
 In troth a fearful hornet's nest,
 For hornet-like, with fatal sting,
 The Wang's men harass Gen'ral Ching,
 Ex-rebel, now Commander grand
 Of China's loyal-yellow band.
 The Taiping force, twelve thousand throng
 Behind defences firm and strong ;
 About the town the river runs,
 Deserters skill'd direct the guns ;
 A chain of forts, outlying wide,
 Protects approach on ev'ry side ;
 And near the city's centre stands
 A hill that far o'erlooks the lands,
 That's topp'd by proud pagoda high
 Which serves the garrison, as spy ;
 For, see a signal waving now,
 Can summon aid from grim Souchou !
 This is no poet's airy dream !
 Now on the bosom of the stream
 Behold " the Hyson " ¹ swiftly glide,
 With fleet of Junks, and boats beside

¹ "The Hyson" was Gordon's chief Gun-boat and Head Quarters when sailing.

Her course ; our Gordon leads the way ;
His rapid steamer flirts the spray,
Along the narrow cut and through
The City's centre onward flew !
From east to west they thunder now,
With fierce attack from deck and prow !
Surprised, defenders fall, yet fight,
But, seeing soon their hopeless plight,
Surrounded ev'rywhere ! their base
Cut off ! How could they dream to face
The foe ? In wild confusion, see !
Trampling each other down, they flee
To meet the show'r of deadly grape,
Or push'd by comrades' rash escape
By thousands where the waters gape,
They fall, they sink, no more to rise !
" The Hyson " screaming, puffing, flies
Upon the Grand-Canal, pursues
'The terror-stricken crowd ! The news
Has hardly reach'd the citadel,
When Gordon, as a warning knell
Within Souchon, a parting shell
In bold defiance threw ! He, then,
Stems hack, collects and drill his men,
And landing, occupies Quisnan ;
'Twas here his long determined plan
To make Head-Quarters.—Gen'ral Ching,
Now smarting sore from envy's sting,
The method of the capture censures

And, jealous, to the Futai ventures
To make complaint. With wrath perspiring
Upon the "E'er Victorious" firing,
He finds his match; for this mad stroke
Had cost him dear; but pleading joke,
Apology in humble strain
To Gordon sends, who threats amain
On him to turn in sharp attack,
In his own coin to pay him back!
Quinsan another trouble grave
Imposes on our hero brave—
The non-commissioned threat to shoot
Their officers, because the loot
They cannot sell in that dull place;
But Gordon brings the culprits face
To face, and seizes *him* who clanks
The most, and drags him from the ranks;
His surmise right, now, on the spot
He has the groaning Corp'ral shot!—
Mid all these direful troubles teeming,
From post to post on Yangtse streaming;
Hair-breadth escaping from all harm,
His life appears to bear a charm,
'Gainst death and wounds! A simple cane
His "magic wand of Vict'ry"! Plain
Attired in undress gen'ral's coat,
He leads on land, or from his boat,
His orders gives. Shells burst in vain,
And bullets fail to reach his brain.

To break his limbs ; to touch his heart
Or any other vital part !
A bridge now shatter'd by a shell,
Close to his steamer, harmless, fell !
No wonder friend and foe alike
Believe no earth-born blow can strike
His charmèd form ! To awe and love,
In part 'twas due ; but heav'n above
Its sheltering arms around him spread,
And kept him safe mid dangers dread ;
For when unarm'd, exposed, he stood ;
Admiring him, the "*great and good,*"
The rebel leaders vainly tried
To shoot him down ! But cast aside
The levell'd musket ! — " Might not he,"
They doubtless thought, " a spirit free,
Or human monad, truly be,
Of all-pervading justice-fire
To purify where rank desire
Corrupted all ? " Oh heavenly flame !
Where'er thou art, whate'er thy name ;
He fearless, rests his faith on thee !
For soon, example fatal see ! —
Upon one Captain Perry fell
A dark suspicion, sad to tell,
That tempted by the love of gold
He trait'rous dealt with rebels bold !
And, now, to clear himself, agreed
The coming " hope-forlorn " to lead :

The days that intervned were few,
 Before they storm the Fort, Leeku ;
 Forgetful, Gordon, hither hied ;
 When both were standing side by side,
 A shot struck Perry 'twixt his teeth,
 In Gordon's arms he fell, beneath
 The tott'ring fence ! Oh warning stern
 To those who false and treacherous turn ! —
 Nor did the Sov'reign aid forsake
 Him tempted by the scheming rake,
 Bold Burgevine, who, now a wang
 And leader of the rebel-gang,
 (Because he saw Souchou must fall,
 Since ev'ry fort, and e'en the wall
 Is fierce attack'd), proposed a plan
 By Gordon's aid the Empire's span
 To win, and share, with him, the spoil !
 But he mistook his man ; his toil
 Was futile, as his scheme was base,
 So *he* withdrew to hide disgrace.

* * * * *

And now Souchow ! Can I relate
 Thy tragic fall ? If ink were hate,
 And liquid-scorn, there's yet no name,
 Nor trenchant phrase to brand with shame
 Sufficient, China-Futai's fame !
 What though these Wangs were rebels fierce
 They still were men ! Their tale would pierce
 The vilest breast with pity's shaft !

Unworthy deeds and hellish craft
Bereft these braves of life ! Ah me !
Could I but shroud atrocity
Like this with dunnest, closest veil
I would ; but how divest my tale
Of truth, and leave my hero clear
Of guilt ? Essay my quill to spear
Celestial's fiendish conduct here ! —
'Tis winter ; all the forts are taken,
The town with shot and shell is shaken,
Though still the walls, with banners flaunting
Their varied hues, are mann'd ; and taunting,
The rebels still reply ! But now,
The citizens in angry row
Demand release from prison life,
And riots, plots and scares are rife !
Before the city-gates now stand
The victors ; fighting must be hand
To hand. Some Waugs in parley met
Our Gordon ; promise at his feet
To lay the city's full submission
Upon the following condition,
" That mercy to themselves be shown,
Protection o'er their goods be thrown."
So to the Futai, Li-Hung-Chang
The terms that offered by the Waug
Deputed by the rebel gang,
He sends. To shun all Chinese wrong,
He comes to understanding strong

With Li-Hung-Chang ; and Gen'ral Ching
Approves the course in every thing !

The mighty Moh-Wang ¹ stern and steel'd,
Who never yet was known to yield,
With anxious mind and troubled reason
The Palace seeks, suspecting treason
From other Wangs ; He strides the stones
And loads the air with stifled groans !
The Wangs know *this* ; arranging all
Agree to drop him o'er the wall,
To Gordon's boat, in Gordon's care ;
But spies had met the Moh : aware,
Who instantly a council calls
Within the morning-Palace walls ;
A stormy scene ! For strife arose
With bitter wrath the Wangs oppose
Their chief ; at last the Kong-Wang ² flings
Aside his robes, and on the wings
Of Hecate flies, with purpose black
He stabs the Moh-Wang in the back !
They bear him to the Palace-yard
A Tiench-Wang ² of visage hard
Beheads the victim, sans regard
Of all his arduous duties done
And many famous conquests won !
The ³ Chung-Wang fled to bear the news

¹ Moh-Wang—Chief. ² Kong-Wang—Tiench-Wang—Executioner.

³ Chung-Wang—He was a friend of Moh-Wang's.

To Nanking where the Taiping stews
O'er this reverse. The other Wangs
Now ride away to lead their gangs.

The sun and moon propitious shine ;
Celestials march in serried line.
The city-gates—O famed Souchow !
O Eastern Venice !—open now
Admit the victor—Tartar band ;—
The while the rebels armèd stand ;
But fearing, lest, once out of hand
His troops may pillage, Gordon draws
Them from the town ; this gives him pause
T' arrange the “ batta ”¹ for his men
With China's Tutai ; cautions, then
To visit Nar-Wang,² goes alone ;
So far he finds no mischief grown
The Wangs content, still feel secure ;
No looting yet ; and honour pure
Imperials show ; but on the morrow
What change is there ! What cause of sorrow !

The Wangs to meet the Futai ride
In perfect trust they reached his side ;
With formal custom, humbled pride,
They yield the town. Our hero dreads
Some treacherous snare, and anxious threads

¹ “ Batta ”—Soldier's-pay.

² Nar-Wang—Gordon believed him to be a good Wang.

The streets. "The Wangs! Where *are* they!
Cries,
From home to home despairing flies;
Interpreter and Ching look flurried!
And Gordon with suspicion worried
To learn the truth, his steps has hurried!
The very air is dense with doubt!
He hears Imperial rabbles shout;
Then comes upon a shameful scene
Of musket-fire, and bayonets' sheen.—
The Rebels arm'd still stand at ease!
Our hero, through the crow'd to squeeze
Has rush'd; and though by numbers hemm'd
This wild confusion loud condemned.
Fore-seeing that such deeds would make
The Rebels dire reprisals take.
This quell'd, he onward, troubled, hies
To reach his boats; guess his surprise
To find them not! He quick returns;
And then his long-pent anger burns,—
He sees the Palace wreck'd! And plunder
And ransack ev'rywhere! No wonder
The scared interpreter was mute,
And Gen'ral Ching, *then*, too astute
To lay the horrid treachery bare!
While musing sad on this affair
A Major Bailey, sent by Ching
To Gordon message strange to bring,
Explains "That Ching perforce was driven

By orders from The Futai given,
To work this mischief ; break the pact
So solemn made ; Ching scorn'd the act,
And, after leaving Gordon, wept ;
In anger twenty looters swept
From life's dear path ! With flashing eyes,"
To learn the worst, thus, Gordon cries,
"The Wangs ! Are *they* alive or dead ?"
The cautious Major shakes his head,
And brings, for answer, Nar-Wang's son
Who, pointing to the murder done,
With piteous tones, and mournful air,
"They cut my father's head off, there,
On yonder bank !" No moment lost,
As quick as dart, our hero cross'd
The silent flood ; oh harrowing pangs !
The headless trunks of all the Wangs
Lay ripp'd and mutilated there !
The Nar-Wang's eyes with deathly stare
Seem'd starting from the gory head,
As looking towards the body dead
That lay half-buried in the sand !
Then Gordon lifts with gentle hand
The skull that scarce has ceased to bleed ;
See ! How for vengeance, it doth plead !
With dreamy thought our hero gazes
Nor from its fascination raises
His pitying eyes, till steamers shaking
With rushing sound disturb ; awaking

Gordon.

From reverie, and looking round,
He softly lays it on the ground.
His bright revolver from its case
He quickly tears, then leaves the place
To seek the treacherous Futai's face.
That great official, timely warn'd
Kept out of sight of him who scorn'd
Such action base, for, had he not
His life had ended, on the spot.

Now Gordon threatens to resign,
And ev'ry honour to decline ;
But, after two months' forced stagnation,
There comes Imperial Proclamation
With some excuse and palliation
Of Li-Hung's conduct. Then besides
The rebels still, like heaving tide,
Receding, ebb, to flow again
And aye disturb the liquid main,
So this delay has given them hope
With faithless enemy to cope.
Our hero, then, his plans renews ;
And liberal "batta" comes t' infuse
Contented spirit in his men.
But haply plaintive mand'rins ken
The means to win his noble mind,
By story told of simple kind ;
As, thus, a Chinese maiden whined.—
I know not if the story's true,
But what I've dreamt, I offer you.—

 THE CHINESE MAIDEN'S PRAYER TO GORDON.

(1.)

My father gave me this long hair
 By loop and crescent fixed,
 With blackest thread that glistens there
 No silver-lock is mixed.
 'Twas mother's hair! Her graceful hand
 The yellow-ribbon tied,
 That day the Taiping's cruel band
 To seize our Palace hied.
 My father cut the tresses off
 To save from vilest life,
 Lest Taiping should exulting scoff,
 And claim her for his wife.
 He had three hundred now in hand,
 And said, before he'd done,
 He'd have the pick of all the land!
 He called her *Three-Nought-One*.¹

(2.)

And angry with my father dear,
 Because he cut her hair;
 He raised his arm, he cast his spear
 And slew him in his chair!
 My mother clung with frantic cries
 To father's dying form;

¹ Three-Nought-One—301, the number of his wife.

And tears fell from her starting eyes
Like rain from thunder-storm.
My father struggling hard with death,
And dreading mother's shame,
With plaintive moan and gasping breath
Sobb'd forth dear mother's name!
Oh! "Pearl of Pearls," his spirit cried,
Then mounted to the sun!
Ay, Christian! Thus my father died!
My mother's *Three-Nought-One*.

(3.)

They sack'd the Palace, stole our goods ;
Enslaved, or slew our men ;
But I took refuge in the woods
And tea plantations then,
Or in the rice-fields weeping lay ;
Upon the wild-yams fed ;
Here, trembling hid, from day to day,
I wish'd that I were dead !
Oh, noble soldier—Englishman !
Still lend your powerful aid
To save our country from the ban
Of ransack, fire and raid !
Oh! see the carnage, hate and fear ;
The bones bleached by the sun.
Restore to me my mother dear !
The ill-starr'd *Three-Nought-One* !

Could Gordon well refuse the prayer
That floated on each breath of air
From broken hearts, and bleaching bones?
Dumb mouths? More strong than pleading tones!
Ah! No; his duty to fulfil
He still remains. Successes still
His efforts crown. First Yesing fell
And next surrendered, strange to tell
Without a struggle, strong Liang!
For awed by his approach, each Wang
Gave up, amazed to find it true,—
“Two thousand rebels join’d his crew!
Persuaded by his deeds of love!”
It seemed the work of Heaven above! —
But Kintang, fill’d with desp’rate swarms
Defied his power; and when he storms
The threat’ning forts, his fortune fails;
He wounded falls; then Moffit hails,
And o’er his stubborn will prevails;
They bear him to his boat. No rest
Will he! But still with dauntless breast
Commands his braves! Again, again,
They charge! Attack! But fight in vain!
His shatter’d force, with many a pang
Falls back upon thy walls Liang!
Oh fatal day! Oh sad reverse!
But still the news that greets is worse! —
The rebels now advantage taking,
Are o’er the first gained district making,

Between the Grand Canal, and base
Of Gordon's lines, with rapid pace
A ravage dire! But faith still reigns
In his great heart! And courage gains
Success! Though countless dangers threat
Escapes miraculous beget
New confidence. From post to post
He flies! Now numbers swell his host!
And vict'ry crowns his labours past
At Chanchufu. Decisive! Last!
And greatest by his skill achieved!
To lose him, how his soldiers grieved!
But Privy-Council lately sitting
Reverse the order made, permitting
The British Officers so fitting
To hold their posts in Flow'ry Land
So Gordon leaves his famous band!
But still he gives his brain and nerve;
The Chinese Empire's cause to serve;
At their request, directs attack
On Nanking. Falls the city black
With crime and woe! For long, 'tis said,
On human flesh the rebels fed!
And what of him who caused the strife?
He braves his God! To end his life
A gold-leaf swallows; scans the skies;
The poison acts; the Taiping dies.

CANTO III.—GRAVESEND.

The rebellion in China is silenced and quash'd
By the genius, Gordon. The Flow'ry Land, wash'd
Of the stains that the Taiping had spread o'er her face,
Is smiling once more ; and the crime and disgrace,
The despair and the havoc, a thing of the past.
But perhaps, ere a veil o'r the Taiping is cast,
It is best to relate what became of his wives.
They were hang'd by his orders ! This end to their lives
Is the cruellest proof of the devilish cause
In the name of the Saviour, rejecting all laws
He promoted. 'Tis said that the child of the sun
Called the "Beautiful Pearl," and "Three-hundred-and-
one,"
Had escap'd from his love, and his hate, and the grave,
For her hair being cropp'd, she had lived as a slave ;
And the maiden, who prayerfully waits the adored,
To her mother, rejoicing, at last is restored.
At romance we may cavil, and deem as absurd
And unlikely, the acts and the scenes, on the word
Of the poet related—"Veil'd Prophet" of Moore,
Or the Devil of Milton ! There's nothing so sure
As that Taiping out-Herods them all ; and 'tis true
Neither poet nor painter finds dark enough hue
To depict this arch-fiend ! Let him vanish from view !

That poor China was grateful is little to say,
She owes Gordon a debt that she never can pay ;
Though she offers him fortunes and honours untold !
But he works not for favours—he cares not for gold !
For his conscience, his duty, his fellows he strives,
'Tis sufficient for him that he saves many lives,
And from peace-loving people the misery drives !
E'en the money, in spite of rejection, they sent
On his remnant of soldiers was all freely spent.
But politeness demands, he should gracious accept
Of the presents the Emperor gives ; so he kept
The Ti-Tu, and the “Star,” and the famed Peacock's
Feather,
And the prized Yellow Jacket ; submits altogether
To be Mandarin called ; and the gen'rous Prince Kung
Now his Collar of Gold on our hero's neck hung.
But the fate of the Collar, like many gifts more,
Was to swell the subscriptions, a widow's light store
To increase ! 'Twas a type of the man to be giving
And helping for ever and ever, and living
For the good of mankind. How delighted his friends
Are to see him safely returned from the ends
Of the earth ; and they hope that he'll settle awhile
On the shores of humanity—Albion's Isle.
To be lionized, fêted, and fussed, he declines,
'Tis no pleasure for him to be toasted with wines ;
But the public opinion is full of his praise,
And the shouts of the multitude, echoing raise
In the ambient air, a vociferous cheer

Which they mean Chinese Gordon to gratefully hear.
This he values, I doubt not, for what it is worth ?
For he well understands, in the land of his birth,
That the multitude cheer what they think to be right,
And they seldom are wrong when the truth is in sight.
But their orators, sometimes, delude with their tongues,
And they always delight with their throat and their lungs
To relieve the oppression they feel at their hearts,
Whether sorrow, or joy, or disgust throw their darts
Through the brain, o'er the nerves ; and their sinews are
strong

In defence of the right, in attack on the wrong !
We shall see what they'll do if he ever comes back
From the slave-dealing Arabs, and land without track.
Neither greatest or least of the men would I be,
That have sent him out there from the home of the free,
If to die unprotected, as victim for me !

The orange groves and gorgeous Eastern scene
Are left behind ; but grateful is the green
Of Kentish elms, and beeches broad and prim,
Of gnarlèd oaks, and poplars tall and trim,
Where ranks of lindens cast a genial shade
O'er lawns and gravel paths that skirt the glade,
Enclosed with hedge-rows white, with hawthorn bloom,
Relieved by golden furze and yellow broom,
Sweet-briar, woodbine, graceful trav'ler's joy,
And other shrubs, with scents that never cloy ;

Here, peeping through the sloes, convolvuli repose,
There show'rs of pinky petals scatter'd by the rose.

So sweet to Englishmen these signs of home—
They oft, in secret, vow no more to roam,
No high pagoda greets our hero's eyes,
But quaint his mansion's gabled roofs arise
At Gravesend on the Thames, whose ruffled stream,
By steamers ploughed, and masted ships that seem
Like leafless forests, rolls disturbèd waves,
And bearing countless craft the foreshore laves.
Here, settled to his work, to plan defence
Of Father Thames, his gifted nature, sense
Of moral duty, hope and faith with ill to cope,
And self-denial, find a field of ample scope.

Think not, O friends that scan my feeble lines,
My pen would flatter Gordon! Hist'ry twines
The thread—not hero-worship spun by me!
Despising lavish praise my task should be,
This rare example, born of human race,
Before the selfish world aloft to place
As knight of holy cause. And verses cling
To mem'ry's slipp'ry cave; so let me sing
His deeds of arms and love; with him agree
That talents, pow'r, and genius, all must be
The gifts of heav'n alone, not merits of our own,
Yet should a beacon e'er on highest hill be shown.

Sweet home, and friends that speak a common tongue,
How prized are ye to those who've lived among
The foreign hordes of semi-savage race !
How prone to fall in luxury's embrace
Are those return'd when welcome greets,
And jovial friends sit down to dainty meats.
Not so does Gordon, hermit-like he lives ;
His house, for hospital, to suff'ers gives ;
His garden lends to poorer men to till,
And take the produce, hungry bairns to fill.
Then deep in mud beside the river's flushing tide,
Still planning and directing, see our hero stride !

To pleading want he grants a list'ning ear,
Nor waits for proof of merit ; void of fear,
The wretch relieves ; 'tis seldom, breathing lies,
They dare approach his inly searching eyes
That seem their very secret hearts to read ;
Yet gen'rous humour, rid of duty's need.
Oft plays with twink'ling smile beneath their lids,
And never harmless mirth or joy forbids.
No child to climb his knee, nor gentle wife
To cling about his neck ; yet happy life
Is spent for many days with river waifs and strays
Whom he had taught to walk in wisdom's pleasant ways.

Wherever good, in unassuming way,
Could be achiev'd by modest star-lit ray,
Our hero traced his steps ; the dying ask

For him to come and pray ; this gentle task
Would never be refused. He oft was seen
Within the workhouse portals cold and clean ;
Perchance some hapless sufferer dying, groan'd,
Or life of reckless gaiety bemoan'd.
Or some unfortunate of higher breeds
Now brought to wear the parish fustian weeds,
Is still too proud a spark to bear the pauper's mark,
And little heed will render to official's surly bark.

But Gordon's words of mild rebuke would reach
The subborn breast, and gentle reason teach
Whatever be the trials, pain, or strife,
Why humbly we should bear our cross in life !
I know not what of parishdom, he thought,
That bears its sceptre mean, with danger fraught
To all the State, by such a shameful power :
When hard misfortune's cruel tempests low'r.
Then hybrid Guardians try to save expense,
And hurt our human feeling and our sense !
When peasants have the votes, will *they* accept the coats
That now distinguish sheep from free and shaggy goats ?

The State, through Parish-Councils, gives its aid,
And organized societies have made
Our wretched starvelings wise-form'd plans to feed,
And clothe and house, but oft there's special need
That engines cannot touch, whose course is slow.
However clean the harvest rake may go,

Some ears of corn are left upon the ground.
To glean these lost ones, Gordon's care has found
A pleasing task ; and thus in deeds of love
This noble man, with blessing from above,
Has spent six happy years ! Relieved of anxious fears,
How many sent rejoicing thro' this vale of tears !

CANTO IV.—THE SOUDAN.

O thick-lipp'd ebon race with woolly crown !

Long harshly used by Fate's almighty force !
Dried is thy sap of freedom by her frown !

O stock accursèd call'd ! how strange thy course,
And sad thy history ! Unequal strife

Thy children ever venture with the race
Of heaven-favour'd Shem, or Japhet rife

With warriors ! Nature, lavish of her grace,
Has well endowed thee with sinews strong,

And manly frames that heave with gen'rous hearts
Of fortitude to bear oppression's wrong.

Though scant of intellect's commanding parts,
Ye drudges, trod to earth ! At length your cry

Has reach'd Jehovah's mighty throne on high !

Once, blissful vales, between the branching Nile

And Niger's streams that fertilizing flow,
And ye vast lakes, where Ra's¹ most ardent smile

Makes e'en the plants themselves with love aglow,
And blossoms bright, and fruits luxuriant grow !

Once were thy fields with happy homesteads deck'd
And slavery throughout thy lands unknown,

¹ RA.—The Egyptian mythological name for the physical Sun, as Amen-Ra was for the Deity of the Sun.

Ere Islam raiders first thy freedom wreck'd,
And introduced a thralldom of their own !

Sometimes t' escape responsibility,
Or, fearing death, the timid will elect
To serve, and base submit to bow the knee.
The Koran, founded on Mosaic law,
Allows as slaves the captives seized in war.

And though the early Christians 'gainst this use
Had ever preached, and taught with might and main,
Yet could they not the Eastern mind induce
To give the custom up ; and strove in vain
Concubinage and bondage to restrain.

But mostly household slaves led easy lives,
The males were often treated well or freed,
The women finding pleasant homes as wives,
Became then loving, helping friends indeed ;
'Twas fiends, whose birthplace Western Hemisphere's
New sons now boast, that kidnapp'd men for gold,
And hunted " blacks," and fill'd the vales with tears.
When chivalry was dead, marauders bold
First open'd marts where human flesh was sold !

To cultivate the plants of Torrid Zone
Requires a tropic-race of beasts and men ;
And slaves American so scarce had grown
That colonists, despairing, offered then
A price for labour, ere these times, unknown,

But luck, necessity, or bitter fate
At length produced supply at cheaper rate ;
For bold explorers, searching glade and glen,
And tropic woods by Afric's tempting streams,
Much ivory find, so traders follow soon,
And bucanears are drawn by golden dreams,
For beads, or paltry shells, or iron spoon
A human beast of burden could be bought,
Which then to marts American is brought.

This trade, on Christian lands the foulest blot,
For two long centuries had now remained ;
When Wilberforce and Clarkson paint the lot
Of suffering negroes, wailing, whipt, enchained,
To Britain's slow-awakening sons, whose ears
Began to tingle ; hearts to burn with shame !
A fierce contention, lasting many years,
Ensued ; humanity prevailed ; the name
Of Britain soon is clear'd ; her slaves are free ;
And twenty million pounds in cash is paid
To owners, as a fair indemnity.

Then Europe follows on. To crush the trade
Some British cruisers scour th' Atlantic main,
And countless slaves behold their land again !

But not till Nineteenth Century had nigh
His manhood reached, whose civilizing train
Of new ideas swept the darken'd sky,
Did Southern States American the stain

Wipe out ; nor then till civil war had rent
The North and South, and nearly made them twain !
Meanwhile, demand for Negroes found new vent ;
For Eastern Pachas, Persians, Arabs, Turks,
And even Indian Princes, eager bought
The useful drudge. The *Ivory Merchants* work
On Arab love of pelf. New tracks are sought
Near Equatorial lakes and streams, where lurk
The river-horse and lazy crocodile,
Amid the giant grasses of the Nile.

And soon Slave-Hunters, out of Merchants grown,
Have organized and drill'd the fiercest " blacks,"
And armies form'd, so then from camp to throne
Is but a step ; slave-hunters, now, with packs
Of hungry Franks as courtiers, reign slave-kings ;
From palace forts they send their raiding bands
That corn and cattle steal ; the wells and springs
Dry up, and fields are now but desert lands ;
The wretched Negro-men for soldiers bold,
Or else to work in mines, in swarms they drive.
The women, boys and girls, as slaves are sold.
This scandal grows, till Europe, made alive,
Commands her shameless sons to quit their thrones,
But *not* before the air resounds with groans !

Ere these depart they sell their wicked spoils
To Arab chiefs, whom they have taught the game
Of hunting men ! With heartless, cruel toils,

And snares unspeakable, in terror's name,
These fiends the human traffic still pursue.

Khartoum the central depôt now became
Where ceaseless streams of "blacks" each week, renew
The crowded open marts. But thousands fall
And die of thirst upon the pathless sands!

The Khedive Ismail now resolves to call
Sir Samuel Baker, place him o'er these lands
As Pacha-Governor-in-Chief; and all
The Soudan join with lines of forts; and bring
Beneath his rule the spots where Nile doth spring.

* * * * *

Now Baker's work is well perform'd
The most ferocious haunts are stormed,
And forts are mann'd to Albert's Lake;
The swamps are pierc'd, and steamers take
Their course through tangled sedge and mire;
The slavers to their "holds" retire;
But many a fierce and bloody battle
Is fought to save the "blacks" and cattle
From hunters, dealers, hostile tribes.
And e'en from Mudirs, won by bribes
To break their oaths to Ismail given;
But only from the Nile are driven
These slave-kings and their fell allies,
For through the desert still the cries
Of dying Negroes rend the skies.

* * * * *

Then Gordon follow'd on the trail

Of Baker's work. Of slight avail
Were two small forts o'er such extent
Of sway! To Fatiko were sent
Two hundred men! And Gondokoro
Could only boast one hundred more-o.
This rhyme may raise a scornful smile,
But since to march out half-a-mile
Was more than any soul dare venture
Beyond these forts, I think the censure
Might rather on the *fact* be spent,
If ridicule must find a vent!
Perchance, the cruel, hard exactions,
The shameful torture, and infractions
Of treaties made, had caused this ill;
And hostile feeling 'gainst the band
Egyptians, preying on the land.
So Ismail's power was *but* a name;
Thus matters stood when Gordon came
As Governor of *Southern* Soudan,
The Equatorial Province, who can
In simple English clear define?
From Rabul Chambè in a line
To station forts; possession take
Of district to Victoria Lake;
And quash the slave-trade *he* was sent—
No easy task, as we shall find,
For *this* must well be borne in mind—
The dealers had to be suppress'd,
The native wrongs to be redress'd.

But *now* the tribes these scamps defended,
Because their very life depended
Upon these men who robbed their cattle ;
So Gordon had with both to battle !
And what, besides, made matters worse,
Official greed, that with'ring curse,
Destroyed all faith in Ismail's sway.
Thus difficulties block'd the way.
But Gordon, ever buoy'd with hope,
Knew well with what he had to cope ;
Nor did he rashly under-rate
His mighty task ! His words relate
In humorous strain its onerous weight.
"As moving slowly on last night
In silent march, by pale moonlight,
I thought of Nubar, you, and all
My absent friend ; what might befall
The Expedition—woe or weal ;
When sudden, from a bush, a peal
Of laughter came ! Put out I feel,
But find what laugh'd in that rude way
Were storks, who jeering seem'd to say,
In spirits high, as though amused,
And pleased to see us so confused—
'To think these men who pass our wood
Expect to compass any good
At Gondokoro ! Futile hope !
Without a cable (chain or rope).'"

This was the sense, express'd in prose,

He wrote to friends. With slight repose,
He still his duty firm pursues,
And soon, again, his faith renews
His strength of will. With some delay
He reach'd the limit of his sway,
That wretched depôt on the Nile
Called Saubat Station, served awhile
As central post. He this transformed
To *Camp and Court*, though soldiers stormed
Against the spot unhealthy deemed,
And this complaint was true, it seemed,
For two from out his faithful band
Of Europeans, in the sand
Lie buried, six with fever ill,
Himself a shadow, strong in will :
And Kemp, whose engineering skill
Has gained for him a lasting name,
And Gessi, since well known to fame,
Alone were well. He thus reports,
When reached are Gondokoro's forts,
He says, by dint of new contingent
Which he had raised by methods stringent,
Persuasive tongue and righteous laws,
From Berber slave-hunters, his cause
To join ; he changed his central post
To Southern Plain, and towards the coast
Of Albert Lake. He speaks in praise
Of these new soldiers' active ways.
"They're hardy fellows," so he says,

That Dongola or thereabouts
Gave birth to these," he little doubts,
"The remnants of an ancient race
That hover still around the place."

One phase of "Sov'reign" he detests—
The *vulgar stare* that ever rests
Upon the actions of the great,
Although they hold no regal state.
"One day, in public gaze, I clean'd
A duck-gun; natural demeaned
I ever will be, *coûte qui coûte!*"
'Tis thus he writes, and at the root
Of paltry earthly greatness cuts,
Where pride with pompous folly struts!
He says, that nothing seemed to please
The hardy soldier-Soudanese
So much as watching *him* from hour
To hour, as if to test his pow'r
Of sheer endurance; irritating
More than gossip's silly prating
Upon one's nerve-strings harshly grating.
'Tis little worries wear us most;—
The tickling flea; the gnat and host
Of flies and ants!—The foxes small
That spoil the vines! We bravely meet
The greater ills of life; discreet
To bear a bold unyielding front
In self-defence against the brunt

Of harrowing loss and grievous pain !
We shelter take from heavy rain,
But drizzle goes against the grain !
Of both kinds Gordon had his share
And found it hard his *cross* to bear,
Ay ; e'en *his* faithful heart to school !—
“ A thorny country *this* to rule ;
Mosquitoes, jungles, peoples, grasses,
And endless deserts ; dangerous passes !
(So, like the teeming rock-born rabbits,)
These nations ne'er will change their habits !
No mortals e'er can civilize
These myriads wanting enterprise ;
This ever lazy, happy lot !
Oh, what a country ! What a spot !
They may, by contact sharper grow,
But still the blood will sluggish flow !
With all their numbers, in this clime,
Although no law, so little crime !
'Tis true the picture that I give
At Fatiko no horses live,
No lowing herds can keep alive,
'Tis only mules and donkeys thrive !—
I took a walk, one afternoon,
With black attendant ; very soon
I pick a sort of fig, then ask
The ' black ' who in the sun doth bask,
' Is't good to eat ? ' He ' yes ' replies,
I bite the fruit ; guess my surprise !

It had astringent, bitter taste,
I spat it out with loathing haste,
A sore throat, violent, anon,
That almost choked my breath came on,
And lasted all the night! Oh, land
Astringent! Plain of thirsty sand!
Oh, thorny all that comes to hand!
I fear my views of Eastern life,
Its selfish acts, and scenes of strife,
Though very true may some affront.
They tend the sense of right to blunt;
And hence necessity to men
To homeward turn, and thus, again,
At periods, to reimbibe
The notions that we all ascribe
To people civilized and free;
And men there are, we often see
More quickly prone, become imbued
With crooked notions, wrong and rude,
Than others do; and some to win
The Oriental smile, will sin;
For varnish-civil is but thin;
Unless the *lode-star* be our guide,
Our footsteps oft will slip aside
From paths of rectitude and truth!
And *this* I feel, with bitter ruth,
Of one, though not in Egypt long,
Who screen'd a pacha's shameful wrong!"

* * * * *

"I feel I have a *mission* here ;
 (Not in the *usual* sense, I *speir*).—
 My justice, candour, temper too,
 Both men and officers, 'tis true,
 Admire," *they* say, "they never see
 A tyrant's acts displayed by me :—
 Unjust, I fear I am, sometimes,
 Severely punishing their crimes.
 To maké them happy's my desire,
 To give them all that they require,
 As far as these things rest with me
 I try to do in fair degree.
 Their marches are a care direct ;
 Their boys and women I protect
 Against ill-treatment : yet not *I*,
 The *carpenter* (who built the sky),
 Directs it all ; *I*, but the tool,
 The *chisel* cutting 'neath His rule,
 The stubborn wood ! If I lose edge,
 He'll seek another, sharper wedge ;
 If I no longer serve His will ;
 Nor keener grow, my place He'll fill ;
 Lay me aside for better one ;
 For indispensable are none
 To him." His words were such as these
 I sing in verse, my friends to please.

* * * * *

He next surveys the meand'ring Nile,
 And lands adjacent, many a mile

'Twixt Mrooli, now his place of rest,
And Nyamyougo ; then he press'd
To reach Urundagoni town,
To put the Southern Slavers down,
Which limit-post he's forced to make :—
From hence to famed Victorian Lake,
“ *The lit of Nile* ” he had not done,
Upon his course 'neath tropic sun,
That tempting flow'd, he might not scan,—
A disappointment to the man !—
“ But complications might arise,
Ere plans were ripe against surprise ;
And reason tells you separate—
And forces weaken ; concentrate,—
Your strength unbroken, firmer grows.”
And so his duty overthrows
What feelings-personal desire.
His health may also soon require
Renewing, after service long ;
For e'en his iron-frame, so strong,
Had undergone a fearful shaking
In this, his arduous undertaking.
The world his suff'rings ne'er can know
In those three years, of struggle, woe,
And want of proper food and fare !
What had he done, while he was there ?
In many parts the trade-in-men
He had uprooted ; not till then
Had order reign'd, for long past years,

On banks of Nile ; but woe and tears
 Bespread the land. Now he returns
 To see his friends ; ah, how he yearns !
 “ He longs to taste our Native Oysters
 For luncheon ; ” not with midnight roysters,
 Nor diners-out ; ’tis rest and sleep,
 And health and strength he longs to reap,
 As sole reward for all his toil,
 Vexation, hardship, and turmoil !

* * * * *

The Khedive liked him, so he thought,
 But not the “ *Swells*,” who ever sought
 To gratify some selfish whim ;
 Nor were they much beloved by him.
 “ The Duke of *this*,” a water rat,
 A steam-yacht wants ; the Duke of *that*
 A House, *etcetera* ; the cost
 Of all is wrung,—O, labour lost !
 From Fellaheen and working-class.”
 Who, patient as the suff’ring ass,
 Perforce submit ; all spirit lose
 Against the Great, who pow’r abuse.
 He “ trod upon these courtiers’ corns ! ”
 The monitor within him warns,
 “ That sometime, someway, not yet clear
 To him, he may *this* shake, and steer
 The bark of freedom on the Nile,
 By will of that great King, whose smile
 Bestows enduring riches more

Than earth in all her realms can store !
 Now Egypt's rottenness was plain,
 And nowhere could the student gain
 Such knowledge of poor human kind,—
 Its frailties of the soul and mind !—
 He pays a visit, ere he leaves,
 To Cherif Pacha who receives
 Him courteously, and treats him well,
 But does not relish much to tell
 The Khedive that he will not stay
 In service longer 'neath his sway.

* * * * * *

Not two months pass, again they plead
 For Gordon's aid and Egypt's need.
 The Khedive to his plans agreed ;
 And gave him full and boundless pow'r
 O'er Soudanese. And first to scour
 Out Slave-hunters, from sad Darfour
 To Kordofan and Bahr-Gazelle,
 The district where the scoundrels dwell :
 His *second care* of occupation
 T' establish safe communication
 Was no slight task for brain and nerves :
 Then order *three*, no doubt, deserves
 Attention,—Diplomatic duty
 Is here involved, with that dark beauty,
 The Abyssinian monarch, John,
 Of whom, and treaty, more, anon ;

And, now, as near as verse permits,
 In Gordon's words the story flits.
 " Five thousand miles, if I am spared to fill
 The cycle of a year, I hope to ride
 Upon my camel's back, whose tread so still
 And cushion-like, proceeds with seeming glide
 In swift, direct, determined course, along,
 As obstinate in purpose, as the race
 From which the Gordons spring ; however strong
 The hand that pulls, the *brute* will go his pace,
 And have his way ; e'en as the *man* who rides.
 O, creature wonderful ! On thee, alone
 With God, I love to speed ! 'tis he who guides !
 I feel how vain have human efforts grown !
 The desert's solitary grandeur tends
 To humble us, and make us steadfast look
 On death, as kind relief that Heaven sends
 To wearied sun-struck man !—My way I took
 In Marshall's uniform, came flying in ;—
 Grand cordon promised, still an hour behind ;
 Indeed to some it almost seem'd a sin ;
 They thought the Gov'nor must have lost his mind,
 To come attended by one Arab chief !
 ' Not on the wind like sleet, or flying chaff,'
 The Arab said, ' we came by telegraph !'
 Now, to the Mudir, this gave special grief,
 For none but th' Artillery were ready,
 The Guards, gone to the wells to get a drink,
 Are straggling up, a speck, or two unsteady,

Appear in sight, that one might fairly think
 It *was* the van-guard ; but the place was won,
 Before his soldiers could their arms unpile,
 The Mudir taken, ere the fight begun,
 Submission made ! ” O, reader, do not smile !
 ’Twas this swift travelling stood the man in stead,
 For often, when they least expected him,
 Came rushing in the Governor, they dread,
 Ere they have time their lazy arms to trim.

* * * * *

Behold Khartoum ! what change came o’er its sway !
 No Kourbash now ! no shameful strain of law !
 In lieu of fifteen persons flogg’d per day,
 Not one received such punishment, they say !
 No purchase-money fills the ravenous claw
 Of greedy-fed official who was wont
 To take his eighty or six hundred pounds
 As bribe to urge a suit, or bring affront
 Before a judge ; but Gordon soon sets bounds
 To this abuse. A box with slit in lid,
 In which petitioners their complaints may drop,
 He now provides ; and back-sheesh does forbid,
 Determined such disgraceful deeds to stop.
 At length, blind-folded Justice, once again
 Remounts her throne, and sets her balance true ;
 While Order, long-expell’d, resumes her reign
 At Polyglot Khartoum ; contentment through
 The Northern district grows with rapid shoots,
 But still the thorns of difficulty strew

Our hero's path, and ere he reaps the fruits
Of his great work, he must his tools employ
To clear the ground of these, whose spreading roots
As tangled couch-grass choke, and crops destroy.
"O, Anti-Slavery Society,
Who think you only have to speak the word
And Slavery, like impropriety,
Must cease, come here and see, and then absurd
Your dreams will show. Some scores of warlike Sheikhs
Of more than semi-independent power
Can lead their thousands forth! This fact bespeaks,
Without more comment, how the dangers lower,
Zebehr alone six thousand fighting blacks
Now heads, near Dara; Shaka-hold
Contains four thousand slaves; to make attacks
On all these chiefs and marts requires a bold
And skilful leader; also something more,
An army large; of money, millions, too!
And when the slaves are freed, what rests in store?
A problem stiff! The puzzle what to *do*!
A slave escaped becomes the lawful prey
Of those who pick him up, as waif or stray!
The fierce auxiliaries that fight for me,
Irregulars and '*merchants*' never show
The least compassion for a slave set free,
And steal a woman, boy, or girl as though
No greater crime than if they robb'd a fowl!
'Tis not what Europe thinks; she suffers not
From desert-thirst, or hunters' rod and scowl!

My aim must be each individual's lot
 To happier make, regardless of the views
 Of Europe's sons. These gangs I cannot feed,
 Nor can I take them home; yet friends abuse,
 And me of inconsistency accuse!
 No help for it, I fear; for slaves indeed
 They must remain, though nominally freed.

* * * * *

How brutal, cruel, terrible are wars,
 Consider, as we may, their aims and ends;
 The carnage and the loss one's soul abhors,
 Whate'er necessity or claim depends
 Upon their issue! Women suffer most,
 Then children; people bow'd with age;
 And captives dragged from home—the host
 Deprived of those who drawn to fill the stage
 Of war's dread theatre, may no longer earn
 Their daily food! Their huts now burn;
 No shelter left for woman, child, or beast;
 These wars remind one of those struggles sore
 Waged by the Israelites in days of yore.
 For here the cruel'st enemy is thirst.
 I met a portion of the Leopard tribes
 Sans water for a day, and when they first
 Received my pardon for revolt and bribes
 Bestowed upon our men, see how they run
 To drink the water at the longed-for wells!
 What boon to them beneath this scorching sun!
 Ah, how my heart for these poor wretches swells!"

'Tis thus our hero on these scenes reflects :
 For ever wistful, with a father's care,
 He rules these lawless men—their lives protects.
 Yet, knowing what the ills, and how they'd fare,
 Though unmolested by the ruling pow'r,
 They still, in mad revolt, the dangers dare,
 Like swarms of dusky ants the deserts scour !

* * * * *

At Dara, "like a thunderbolt," he falls
 Upon his people who, in wild surprise,
 "Behold a red-faced man within the walls
 Of Divan, escort none, except a swarm of flies"
 That on himself and camel buzz and tease.
 "The people dazed could scarce believe their eyes.
 As soon as they recover, him to please,
 Salute is fired. His escort, where are they ?
 An hour behind ! Now, after his long ride,
 No dinner, but a quiet night. Next day
 At dawn, with escort of *his* robbers, hied
 Our hero, dress'd in golden armour gay
 (The present of the Khedive) ;" not from pride
 He wore the the glitt'ring garb, thick laced with gold,
 But for effect upon the savage bands !
 His Bashi-Bazouks, companies all told
 Are only four, a risky move in lands
 Revolted ; "still a policy that's bold
 With people such as these, succeeds the best,
 And trust in Providence will do the rest."
 The robbers' camp is hence three miles, in view

When Gordon meets with Zebehr's son, "a lad,
Nice looking, smart, of summers twenty-two."

The robbers, men and boys, three thousand, had
"Stood dumbfounder'd," as he now riding through

In solemn state, proceeded to the tent
Of Zebehr's son, commanding them to meet
Him at his Divan, whither now he went.

The chiefs arrived, in circle round his seat,
They learn from him, in Arabic most choice,"

His ultimatum, telling them "he knows
They meditate revolt," with Stentor's voice

He threatens to disarm them—clearly shows
He'll break them up. They listen to his word

In silence, then depart, and soon they send
A letter of submission; *this* he heard

With great delight, for here a peaceful end
Is gain'd, on which so many lives depend.

Soon Shaka yields, and then, in Bahr-Gazelle,
He chased the cruel dealers to and fro ;

And many hungry Negroes haply fell

Within his hands ; these " blacks " were free to go
To whom they would ; they're chiefly girls and boys.

" 'Tis strange, indeed, the apathy they show
'Mid all their misery," some glitt'ring toys

Will give them happiness ! A string of beads
About their neck will make them beam with smiles ! "

O vanity ! how female hunger feeds
Upon thy tempting food of luring wiles !

" One boy, a child of four years old, they say

(All head and stomach, like a globe on globe,
 His legs and arms mere pins ; but feeble stay
 To his odd frame, devoid of skirt or robe),
 Has well inform'd me of the dealers' plan ;
 His name Capsune, he'd march'd for many a mile,
 So toil and thirst had worn the little man,
 That days he felt fatigue, and oft the while
 He pats his 'globe'—he ne'er is seen to smile.
 Now Gordon thinks *himself* conveying
 A caravan of slaves from Shaka-hold
 To Obeid ; deceived by dealers, saying
 First one, that seven women yet unsold
 Are all his wives ; another that some brats
 His offspring are ; he can't these tales disprove."
 And through his fingers thus they slip, like rats
 That leave their *tails* behind. Another move,
 But more deceptive still, disturbs his mind.
 A slave-gang, met upon the march, and thought
 The spoils of Zebehr's son ; he's grieved to find
 Were slaves from Dara, by *his* soldiers caught,
 And sold to pedlars, passing on their way.
 Such tricks Sir Samuel Baker mentions too !
 With these false subjects, what can rulers do ?

* * * * *

In four short years, what dreadful loss of life !
 The regions of Darfour and Bahr-Gazelle
 Count eighty thousand perish'd in the strife,
 Besides some hundred thousand slaves that fell
 As victims to fatigue, or thirst, or faint,

With hunger, by their master shot !
Their grinning skulls appear to make complaint
Of this, their sad, inevitable lot !
And Gordon points one out to Yussuf Bey,
A noted slave-dealer. "See, cruel man,
The inmate of that ball of cast-off clay
Has told your deeds to Allah, so his ban
Shall rest on you and yours till this trade cease,
And wretched Negroes dwell at home in peace."

* * * * *

The last of robber bands is crush'd,
And many grievous cries are hush'd
By Gessi, now a pacha made,
And decorated, second grade
Osmanlie ; Soudan's gift of gold—
Two thousand pounds—the soldier bold
Rewards ; for this he grateful thanks
Our hero, then he heads the ranks
In hot pursuit of Zebehr's son.
But Gordon, after victory won,
Arranged with Gessi, ere farewell
He took, the plans for Bahr-Gazelle,
Its future government and care,
And here he show'd his wisdom rare.
Then to Khartoum he quick returns ;
And now his bosom often yearns
For change of scene—since dulness reigns.
To pass the time he taxed his brains
With mending clocks ; and once complains

Of how a cuckoo-clock defied
 And mastered patient toil applied,
 Each day he grows more sick at heart
 Of Cairo-Intrigues, and the part
 The Khedive and his courtiers played,
 For honours to the men were paid
 Whom he for punishment had sent.
 Instead of fines and banishment
 Their crimes were gloss'd, their tales believed ;
 At court-balls they were oft received !
 At length, Suleiman, Zebehr's son,
 Is overtaken in his run,
 And, being tried for treason, shot :
 His power is broken. Zebehr's lot
 Is still at Cairo to remain,
 Where he had come with hope to gain
 The post of Soudan's sovereign.
 The Khedive fear'd his guile and bribes,
 And held him hostage for his tribes.

* * * * *

Now Gordon ample leisure gains
 To handle diplomatic reins ;
 So, starting with a cavalcade,
 To John of Abyssinia paid
 The order'd visit, to arrange
 The bounds of empire with that strange
 And sable monarch. Soon he finds
 The road they take through mountains winds
 Circuitous, and hard to trace ;

He thinks the monarch hoped to place
Such stumbling-blocks before his face ;
That, by these means, he, sure, believed
Our hero's mind would be deceived,
And deem the task a hopeless one,
When war with Egypt had begun.
This mission was not one of ease,
The terms he offer'd did not please
The angry Ethiopian, John ;
And Gordon had been " sat upon,"
But for his tact, his faith, his zeal,
Which made the stubborn monarch feel,
'Twere best to change his resolution,
And stay the threaten'd execution.

He told the dusky king,
He neither feared the sting,
Nor terrors death might fling
 In his way.
That *he* would rather die,
Or in a dungeon lie,
Than from his duty fly,
 Any day !
That Egypt's sons will fight
Defending well their right,
Whate'er may be their plight,
 In the fray.
That in the Saviour's hands
Are monarchs and their lands,

And e'en the mightiest bands
 Must obey!
 That if it be His will
 The stubborn soul to thrill,
 He can the proudest fill
 With dismay!
 The monarch calms his rage,
 And gives his solemn gage
 That war he will not wage
 But will stay.
 The treaty then he sign'd,
 "That amity may bind
 Them, heart and soul and mind,"
 He doth pray!

* * * *

Ismail's deposed from Egypt's throne,
 For vice extravagant has grown;
 His debts so great, he cannot pay,
 So France and England curb the sway,
 And Europe does not answer nay.
 Then dual is the State-Control
 Of finance; Anglo-Franco *rôle*
 Is play'd upon Egyptian stage;
 And Tewfik opens a new page,
 Successor in his father's place,
 Who suffers now a deep disgrace;
 A bankrupt king, he roams at will,
 And scarce knows how the "time to kill!"
 So, Gordon's work in Soudan o'er,

He leaves the hot Egyptian shore ;
Although his duty's well fulfilled,
The slavery snake is "scotched, not killed."
For yet, like Hercules, he left
One head of Hydra not bereft
Of life, but buried 'neath a stone !
Oh ! will that head be let alone ?
Where there's *demand*, you'll find *supply*,
Or who the dangerous trade would try
Of thief, were no receiver sly
The deftly stolen goods to buy ?
And Gordon only seared the sore—
He knew he could not reach the core !
Where'er Mohammed holds his sway
By public, or by private way,
The curse of slavery will creep in
To sate the foul besetting sin !
These Pachas ne'er of justice dream ;
For them all vanquish'd creatures seem
A heav'n-sent spoil, for sport or use,
For chains, or death, or lust's abuse !
Their lives luxurious, pleasure spent
In pompous show, neath silken tent,
Or in the bath of perfume rare,
Or cushion'd near some jewell'd fair
Circassian slaves, bedeck'd with gold,
Their Oda-Entertainment hold,
Or listless couch'd, their bloated face
Is fann'd by Afric's ebon race.

And what reck they the fate forlorn
Of these poor slaves, by hunters torn
From home and kin? The tortures dire
Imposed by hunters' hellish ire
When driven o'er the desert track?
O sordid, cruel, selfish pack
That ev'ry human feeling lack!
Compared with whom the wolves are kind
That hungry made by biting wind
Affright the sheep with piercing howl,
And seek their prey in midnight prow!
The curse of slav'ry must remain,
Till Europe resolution gain
To root it out by vigorous strain!

THE CITY ARABS.

A TOPICAL DRAMA

IN FOUR ACTS.

DEDICATION.

I feel not a little flattered by the appreciation which the charming and estimable wife of my dear old friend has expressed of my play of "The City Arabs," especially of the heroine; so, with kind remembrances and much respect, I have the honour of dedicating it to MRS. H. COLLIER. I trust also it may afford pleasure and amusement to many other of my fair countrywomen.

Whatever are its faults, as a work of art, if it should encourage the numbers of brave women who are now striving nobly to make a living and to do good work in the world, and helps to bring classes into friendly contact, I shall be content.

THE AUTHOR.

Dramatis Personae.

LORD FOGTOWN.

LORD LE GRANGE, in love with Constance, Tobias Smith's landlord.

THE HON. ADOLPHUS SELFISHASS, "A Masher," cousin of Tigrina Philokune.

REV. B. TRUTH, Vicar of the Parish of Slumtown.

MR. LANCET PULSE, M.D.

MR. NICHOLAS SMART, a Lawyer, confederate with Pat Prigger and Bob.

SHARPEYES, his Clerk, in love with Kate Smith.

TOBIAS SMITH, Horse-trainer, Epsom Downs, foster-uncle to Constance.

CITY ARABS. { JAMES SMITH, Stone-mason, out of work, brother of Tobias Smith.
DICK SMITH, his eldest son, an Artful Dodger.
BILL SMITH, second son, Mechanic, Captain of Salvation Army.
JOE SMITH, third son, a Cripple and Beggar.
PAT PRIGGER, Swellmobster, Burglar and Anarchist.
BOB KNUCKLEDUSTER, Burglar and Confederate.
TIM SIXSHOOTER, pro. tem. companion of Burglars, in love with Constance.

SOLOMON SPROUT, a Pawnbroker.

COUNTESS LE GRANGE, mother of Lord le Grange.

THE HON. TIGRINA PHILOKUNE, a modern Amazon, intellectually and physically.

MRS. JAMES SMITH, wife of the Mason.

CONSTANCE SMITH, a beautiful girl, Ballet Dancer and Actress, a changeling.

KATE SMITH, a pious little Milliner, daughter of James Smith.

MARY SMITH, daughter of Tobias Smith.

MISS PRACTICAL, District Visitor and Philanthropist.

MRS. GINTEARS, a Night Nurse, friend of the Smiths.

POLICEMAN "Y," INSPECTOR, OTHER POLICEMEN, &C.

STAGE MANAGER, CORPS DE BALLET, &C.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*A Squalid Room in London Slúms inhabited by the Smiths.*

Present.—Mr. JAMES SMITH and FAMILY, Dr. PULSE, Rev. B. TRUTH, Mrs. GINTEARS, POLICEMAN Y, BOB KNUCKLE-DUSTER, and CORPSE OF BABY.

Mrs. Smith to Dr. Pulse. Is baby—

Dr. Pulse. Dead? Of course, for some hours dead, Asphyxia the cause. Now tell me pray How many lay last night upon that bed Of rags and straw? And how much whiskey, gin, Or other poisonous stuffs you did consume Before you herded animal-like there!

Mrs. Smith. My husband, then the poor dead babe, then me, Then crippled Joe, but fearing lest the dear One might be crush'd, I turn'd towards Joe, and press'd It to my loving heart! Now it lies there!
(*Weeps.*)

Dick Smith. Oh! Bah! There's one the less to keep!

Policeman Y. Shut up, Young Hempson! or I'll run you in at once!

Rev. B. Truth. Policeman, fie! Do not take heed of that
 Unhappy lad! Consider well and what
 His bringing up, surroundings, friends have been!
 (*To Dick.*) Where slept you, boy? Your brothers, sisters,
 too?

Dick Smith. I slept in cupboard under stairs, and Bill
 At foot of daddy's bed, I know, I heard
 'Im snore! The gals lay 'neath the curtains there!

Dr. Pulse to Mrs. Gintears. Perhaps you can inform us.
 Were they drunk?

Mrs. Gintears. La! No; no more nor you! One
 bottle sure
 Amang sax folk, so used to drink, would scarce
 Affect 'em. Smith had walked some twenty mile
 In search of work. And she, poor thing, were tired
 Enough wi nursing babe, so fell asleep
 So sound! No wonder that she overlaid
 The child!

Dr. Pulse. I see no reason for an inquest,
 But laws must be observed, example made
 For sake of others; and perhaps 'tis best
 To make a fuss, or these sad cases would
 Become as plentiful as cockroaches!

Policeman Y. I think as you do, Sir; the case is plain
 Enough; and true it is indeed that some
 Example should be made. For here you see
 (*pointing to Dick*)
 Already tainted, this young lad displays

Indifference of life ; who don't care what
Befalls, as long as hunger and the crave
For alcoholic drinks is satisfied,
But little prompting needs to look on death.
As means to live ; this often leads to crime.
So inquests and police-courts are the checks !

Dr. Pulse. The birds and beasts of prey that burrow
here,

And oft inveigle honest men to ruin,
Like bats and owls and tigers, dread the light
Of day ; the public gaze to them is hateful,
'Tis only when the day of trial comes,
The grand array of Judge and Jury, gives
A stage on which they may their pluck display
To " pals " and morbid sympathizers ; then,
For them the learned counsel pleads.—In vain ?
What matter ? If they win the cause against
The Crown, what victory ! And, if they lose,
No shame ! The weary game at last out-played,
They vanish from the social world to hide
Their heads in penal servitude, or else,
A minute dangle from the fatal cord !

[*Exit.*

Policeman Y to Mr. Smith. Now, mind you're ready,
when you're call'd to give
Account of what you know of this affair,
I have my eye upon you all, till this
Is cleared ; and, artful dodger, mind your eye !

[*Exit.*

Dick Smith (making snooks). I looks towards you, O,
Policeman Y.

Mr. James Smith to his wife. See what you've done!
Did not *I* say 'twas best
To sleep the baby on the floor! A nice
And proper testimonial for me
When I apply at "Board of Works" to-day
For some employment! Nothing now, but crime,
Can bring us food! Go, Bill, and fetch a can
Of strong old ale, to drown this horrid life.

Bill Smith. Oh! do not try to drink away your sorrow!
And don't ask me to go! No more will I
The poison fetch! (*Pointing to baby.*) Look on that cold
pale face!
How can you drink, and see the baby, there,
Lie dead? The little image of yourself!

Mr. James Smith. To think a time like this should come,
when I
Should, chided by my children, tamely sit!
Here Dick, go *you*, but *you* will drink it half.
By Gosh! I'll skin you if you do. Be quick!

Dick Smith. No need to twit and bully me! I bring
As much chink home, as you to keep the brats.
[*Exit with can.*]

Constance. Ay; true, and eat and drink the lion's share.
Alas! When will this life of misery end?

Kate Smith. Have patience, darling! He who heals
the sick

And loves the poor, in his good time, will lift
The fog of woe, and shed the rays of hope,
And faith and joy! The sunshine of His grace!

Joe Smith, the cripple. And will He cure my leg? And
shall I limp

No more, nor have to beg my daily bread?

Rev. B. Truth. Ay; lad, and weep no more! May
heaven in this

Affair direct; and teach you more to look
On high for help! For you, James Smith, I trust
The day of better life is dawning! Give
No longer rein to your intemperance!

[*Exit.*

Re-enter DICK SMITH.

Dick. Well, there you be! And look! The froth is
still

As when the barman filled it. Not a breath
Has blown against the pot! Ha! ha! You grin!
Are all the canting humbugs gone? Then drink
And pass the pewter.

Mr. James Smith. Wife, wilt have a drop?

Mrs. Smith. No, never more will I the poison drink.
Ah me! 'Tis hard to lose the precious dears,
Although 'tis hard, when times are bad, to keep
Starvation from our homes. Why potter here?

(*to James Smith*)

Are you a man?

Mr. James Smith. Ay.

(*licking his lips.*)

Mrs. Smith. Start and seek for work !

Kate Smith. Yes ; father dear, put down the drug that
tempts

To idle life, and think how much effect
Example has ! Ay ; see what eager eyes
My lazy brother casts upon the can !

[*Exit Kate.*

Constance (aside). Oh ; what a father ! Would that I
were back

With uncle Toby, 'mid the green fields, as
In happy days gone by ! But duty keeps
Me here ! A new attraction holds me too !

[*Exit.*

Mr. James Smith. Dame Gintears, here, take a drink of
beer.

Mrs. Gintears. No, thank you, not such stuff as that, I
likes

A drop o' summat clear, and hot and sweet.

(*To Mrs. Smith.*)

Now, Jenny, dry your tears ! No use to fret !

So come along and hev a cup o' tay

Wi' me. (*To James Smith.*) I haint no patience with you
men.

[*Exeunt Mrs. Smith and Gintears.*

Mr. James Smith. Here, Dick, we are the only bad
ones now

It seems, tip up, and drink to better times ;

But try to turn your mind to honest trade !

Dick Smith. Here's luck to you, old dad! You must admit

That honest trade ain't done much good for you!
What bosh, to talk of honest trade, indeed!
Who works on them old lines? Each man to-day
Endeavours hard his neighbour to o'er-reach;
The dealer cozens the consumer, day
By day. The cracksman helps himself, and braves
The law, and risks his freedom, or his life!
No doubt a dangerous game to him who *does*,
And him who's *done*. If all were honest, dad,
There'd be no work for "beaks" and "bums"! And what
Would then become of old policeman Y?
Of lawyers, barristers, and judges, clerks,
And warders, soldiers, sailors, and the rest?
The sharp mechanic hides his work ill-done!
The very lab'rer skims o'er half the weeds!
And farmer Hodge will sell a beast diseased
To butcher Brown, who cares not if the food
Unfit for man, should kill such folk as we!
Go talk of honest trade to simple Bill!
Give me the life of venture! If I prig
A rich man's watch, or purse from butcher Brown,
I only pay him back for some sharp trick
He's practised on unwary souls! But see!
They come to fetch the little child away!

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*Burglar's Room on same flat.*

PAT PRIGGER, BOB KNUCKLEDUSTER and TIM SIXSHOOTER.

Pat Prigger. Well, Bob, what news?

Bob Knuck. They've held the inquest on
The brat. The verdict "Accidental Death
Thro' overcrowding."—Overlain, they said,
And tried to make it out that they were drunk.
The Crowner lectured Jim because he'd got
One room alone for all his family.
As if poor Jim had got a purse as long
As Peabody's. He ax'd him, "Couldn't he save
A sixpence every day, by giving up
The drink." "Why, darn it, Sir, I've got no work
To do! Do you suppose that I can pay
For tipple? Jolly mates and chaps I know
Who'd never think to buy a loaf of bread
For starving pals, 'stand sam' as long as they've
A tizzy left," says Jim; and "Braivyo Jim"
I hollars; "Teach him the truth about affairs,
'Tis only honest burglars can afford
To hire *two* rooms!" ha! ha! "Arrest that man,"
The Crowner cries; I turns my eyes and looks
Behind to see who call'd, and pointed out

A man what wore a shabbier tile nor mine !

Pat Prigger. Ay; *that's* the way to serve the sharp
fang'd crew !

Defeat the law ! And what is law ? There ought
To be none ! Can't a baby die without
The law must interfere ? Let's share and share
Alike,—one common fund for all,—and no
More silly contracts ! Land and houses, swag,
And ev'ry kind of property !—The wealth,
Or capital, co-operative, all !
And let the idle die ! And then we might
Give up this waging war against the rich
Respectables ! Honest, simple fools, and firm
Supporters of the powers that be, whose nests
Are feather'd, soon would learn how much they err'd,
And join to put the tyrants down !

Sixshooter. But how
Do you propose to compass this design ?
You must the fabric of society
Upheave from its *foundation*, which is law,
Before such dreams could e'er take real form.
All nations in one mind must be agreed !
See what a task you set ! Example take
Of Freetrade-England, pioneer of wise
And natural and wholesome intercourse
Of peoples !—After thirty years still stands
Alone ; her workmen toil and sweat in vain,
Competing with protective tariff-dues !

And did not France without avail set up
 The tree of Liberty? And having lopp'd
 The heads of her nobility, she tried
 To level down her citizens, and thus
 A Commune form'd; but signal failed to force
 Her "Reign of Terror" o'er the world!
 And what can you?

Pat Prigger. Half-hearted man! Has not
 The march of science furnish'd us with new
 And sure, and powerful engines?—Dynamite
 By clock-work fired, revolvers, bombs?—

Sixshooter. Ay; true,
 And cowardly hands to plan, construct and use
 The fatal means! So far you've blown a Czar
 And two or three subordinates i' th' air,
 Some public buildings wreck'd; but worse, destroy'd
 Or wounded hundreds innocent of ill-
 Designs against your cause! Can such attempts
 Of clumsy recklessness be justified?

Knuckleduster. Hold hard, young man! If you be one
 of us,
 I do not understand why you refuse,
 So oft, to join in our adventures, schemes,
 And plants, beware!

Sixshooter. How dare you bully me?
 What matter, if I choose to work alone?
 Do you not always share the "swag"? Besides

Am I not sworn to secrecy in your affairs?
Dictate to me, and I (*pointing a revolver*) will shoot, as
soon

As look at you! See! trembling coward! see!

(producing a portmanteau full of plate)

There's more of value there, than you have brought
For months! Go both and get these trifles pawn'd.

Pat Prigger. Bedad, a lovely prize! (*aside to Bob*) And
yet he does

Not seem "to the manner born"; last time 'twas gems!

Before that gold! yet no detective's nose!

Or hue and cry! Shall I believe my eyes?

[Exit Pat and Bob.]

Sixshooter. The selfish brutes! The swinish hinds!
how quick

They seized the prize! They think it loot from some
Deserted Hall! 'Twere best!—Oh, God! Why did

I join the band?—I thought to move their hearts

To pity; by degrees, these men to wean

From vice and crime; to form a nucleus

For philanthropic action, on a scale

More wide! And yet, I now, no nearer seem,

To that desired goal! How could I bear

This load, but that I feel a love so deep

For charming Constance, flow'ret of the marsh,

That sweet "Forget-me-not," to gather which

I wade through slough and mire! She, so far proves

Most worthy of the task! And *I*, indeed,

But seem to grow more insignificant
Compared with her! There's no receding now;
She holds me, heart and spirit bound, in chains
Of adamantine strength! I tremble, burn,
And melt in turns. At first her face, and then
Her form, at length her virtue stirs my soul,
And sways my very thoughts, my deeds, my life!

[*Exit.*

SCENE III.—*Rev. B. Truth's Library.*

REV. B. TRUTH *seated in Library Chair in front of fire with
back to door.*

Rev. B. Truth. Oh God, when wilt thou hear and save
The people? Preaching now, seems thrown away.

Enter Dr. PULSE, unobserved.

And teaching, as now taught in modern schools,
Appears to harden them! They know too much
Of life! Too little of Thy word! They scoff
At holy things, and set authority
At naught! Religion hate! And mock at sin!
With smattering of modern science, germs,
Molecules and atoms, "Generic Force"!
Instead of God, the One invisible
And indivisible (the Great Triune),
They worship nihil! Praise the works of men,
And serve their selfish lust, and rank desire!
The women's thoughts on dress and fiction run,
The men's on greed and speculations rash,
And those attending church, too often come
To gratify the craving intellect,
Or pander to their sense of beauty, as
Display'd in art; or for example of

Respectability! Nor, dream they have
 Immortal souls to save, and moral need
 To purge their wicked hearts, and so prepare
 The ground for His blest spirit pure who died
 To gain for them eternal love and bliss!

Dr. Pulse (coming forward). And who's to blame?

Rev. B. Truth. Ah! Doctor! How d'ye do?
 You startled me in my soliloquy.

Dr. Pulse. I pray you pardon me! I couldn't resist
 The treat to hear your Jeremiad; you
 Deserved a better congregation! Yet
 I still ask, who's to blame? Do not you think
 The failure owes its origin to sheer
 Mistake and error? Chiefly in the past,
 But still too much the vogue.—In mixing up
 Religion, Ethics, Logic in one mess
 They call theology? Religion should
 Be free, in ev'ry age to germinate
 In soil which climate, times, and customs grant!
 The mystic dogma of eternal fire
 For ever penal on each soul suits not
 The age; indeed, 'tis an attempt to fix
 Belief not consonant with nature, on
 The present! Hark back! You must again
 Begin the Sermon on the Mount! The life
 Of love-embodied teach! And make not God
 Appear worse tyrant, than the worst of men!
 'Tis there the error lies! Methinks you lose

The hold on thoughtful minds by cramping thought,
And trust too much to ceremonies old,
Or dogmas weak to raise the soul above
The level of material joys.—You lose
Your touch on vulgar minds by too much dry
Refinement. For Salvationists with noise
And semi-rowdy armies gain the lost !
But courage, man ! We live mid shifting scenes !
The sun of higher life is rising fast !
Things seem more gloomy than they really are !
But see ! A welcome visitor arrives.

Enter MISS PRACTICAL.

(Both gentlemen approach and bow. MR. TRUTH offers her a seat.)

Rev. B. Truth. How very pleased I am to see you ! Pray
Sit down ! We were but now engaged discussing
The burning questions of the day ; the means
Of best improving moral life. Say, where
Would *you* begin, Miss Practical ?

Miss Practical. To clear
Away the weeds and rubbish that surround
And permeate the minds, and hearths, and homes
Of those we would improve. Let in the light
And air of heaven, thin the crowded mass
Of human beings by migration and
By emigration ; help them to help themselves,
Remove the wretched dwellings, build again,
And charge fair rent ; the Sanitary Acts

Enforce, and proper supervision cause.
And let the rich be prompt to emulate
Examples like the noble Peabody !
The *would-be-good* Samaritans attempt
Such work as Shaftesbury began, and soon
The influence of true religion would
With ten-fold vigour spread ! But you good men
Must run your trains less on the lines of old,
And let your sermons treat of time and place,
And things familiar, not of deserts, palms
And parables obscure to those who live
Among the dens of infamy and vice !
To do much good you must be *one* of them
And sink your individuality !
Did not your Master sit with publicans
And sinners ?

Rev. B. Truth. Something diff'rent must be done
'Tis true, to what we're doing now. We all
Must use our means, and patient wait the end !

SCENE IV.—*Lord le Grange's Drawing Room.*

*Ladies' Boxing Gloves, Foils, Masks, Indian Clubs, Dumb
Bells, Cricket Bat and Ball, Football, &c.*

(The Gloves and Clubs upon Settee.)

Enter LORD LE GRANGE, staring all round.

Lord le Grange. Strange metamorphosis!

(Examining Boxing Gloves)

What can these mean?

Enter COUNTESS LE GRANGE (fashionably dressed).

Lady le Grange (embracing her son). My dear boy!
welcome home! Where have you been

All these weeks?

Lord le Grange. You would scarcely care to know.

Suffice to say, I have been studying
The problems of the day. I did not know

(looking about)

You had invited boys and "undergrads"

To meet me.

Lady le Grange. No, my dear; I have designed
A great, I trust, agreeable surprise.

You know that "time flies," "life is short," that now
You really ought to marry. *That explains*

The myst'ry of these toys. With that intent
I have invited here a lady fresh
From Oxford. Modern of modern belles!
A Nineteenth Century girl, last decade!

Lord le Grange. Decay'd? (*Aside*) And yet may knock
a man into

The middle of next week!

Lady le Grange. She is an A.A.
And V.A.—*Artium virgo.*

Lord le Grange (*pretending not to have heard*). Did you say
Virago?

Lady le Grange. No, 'tis *Artium Virgo*, dear.

Lord le Grange. An artful maiden, Virgin of Arts, or
what?

Lady le Grange. Don't be ridiculous, for here she comes.

Enter the HON. MISS TIGRINA PHILOKUNE.

(*Dress: Bifurcate walking costume, dog-whip in hand, followed
by a Mastiff and two other dogs.*)

Lady le Grange (*introducing them*). My son, the Lord le
Grange—the Honourable
Miss Tigrina Philokunè.

Lord le Grange (*bowing*). I'm proud
To welcome modern copy, so complete,
Of brave Diana!

Tigrina. No compliment, pray!

(*Calling Mastiff*)

Bob, here! (*Aside*) His mettle soon I'll prove. (*Aloud*)
Good-bye.

At present ; I go to dispose my dogs.

[*Exit.*

Lady le Grange. Now dear, do try your best to please,
she has

Quite eighty thousand down, besides reserves ;
And see what style and winning ways she has !

[*Exit.*

Lord le Grange. Too masculine for me, this last thing out.
The Nineteenth Century can hardly boast
Of brute force slain, when civilizing power,
Inverting all things, oft produces stuff
That forms men-women, and makes women rough.

SONG.

What ? marry a modern A. A. !

O *Angelica Anima*

No ; not if I know it,

I'm too much below it.

“ Angelican Amazon ! ”

I should be sat upon.

Perhaps, 'neath my pillow

I might find the “ willow ”

The “ gloves ” or “ clubs ” upon the settee.

No mother, believe me,

I wish not to grieve thee

But no modern A. A. for me !

What ? tied to a modern V. A. !

No, “ Artful Virgin ! ” Out o' my way !

Oh, Merlin at Camlet !

Oh, warned by wise Hamlet,
 " *Virag* : Amazon !"
 Set your cap at a Don !
 Take Latin and Sanscrit,
 With D.D.'s go banquet,
 To the dogs or a nunnery !
 O man-girl believe me,
 I will not deceive thee !
 No, no Modern V. A. for me !

Re-enter TIGRINA PHILOKUNE *dressed as an athlete,*
accompanied by her Mastiff.

Tigrina. My lord, ere I propose, I wish to try
 Conclusions. No submissive wife will I
 Become ! Wilt choose a foil and try a bout
 Or two ?

(*Offering the choice of foils.*)

Lord le Grange. With pleasure, madam ! Say two out
 of three ?

Tigrina. Ah ! yes ; that will suffice. I do agree.

(*They put on masks and fence.*)

Lord de Grange. A hit ?

Tigrina. Too true.

(*Biting her lip and lowering foil.*)

Lord le Grange. Ah, good ! That's one to me.

Tigrina. Take that.

(*Spotting his right arm.*)

Lord le Grange (*lowering weapon*). Well done, indeed !
 Artistic too !

Tigrina. Ay, see what *Virgo Artium* can do!

Come on! Keep time!

(*Impatiently.*)

Lord le Grange (*changing weapon to left hand*). Oh pardon
this delay

(*They encounter ; he disarms her.*)

This bout decides the honour of the day!

Tigrina (*biting her lips*). In this I own defeat. And now
for rest.

(*Inviting le Grange.*)

Recline upon the couch. Another test

We'll try. (*Aside*) Few minutes beating heart be still!

(*Aloud.*)

Now gaze intent! This game requires no skill,

'Tis "influence magnetic" o'er the will.

Enough! (*rises*). Oh! unimpressionable man!

I fail subduing you, try all I can!

Lord le Grange. You flatter me! (*Aside*) I'm glad she
gave up first.

By Jove! I felt I soon should have the worst.

Tigrina (*tiger-like*), her eyes on fire

Before she springs, induced a cold perspire!

Tigrina (*producing the boxing gloves*). This one more
proof? You see I'm not ill train'd!

(*Showing muscle of arm.*)

My muscle firm, my temper not cross-grain'd.

Lord le Grange. No lady: pardon! *I this* test refuse,
I cannot stoop a lady fair to bruise!

Tigrina. All right ; no matter ; “ Love,” they say, “ is blind.”

I’m wide awake, and have made up my mind,
And yet to have a “ round ” I feel inclined !

(*Sparring.*)

Enter LADY LE GRANGE *and* SELFISHASS.

Lord le Grange. Ah ! Selfishass, I’m glad to see you here !

Selfishass (*touching Le Grange’s hand, yawning*) He-haw !
(*Addressing Tigrina*) My lord’s knocked out of time, I fear ?

Tigrina. No ; he’s gigantic—*match* too great for me !

Lady le Grange. I grieve to hear those hopeless words from thee.

Selfishass (*sits down and caresses dog*). He-haw ! O rival so faithful and strong.

(*To Tigrina.*)

Tigrina, now, are you equal to song ?

Tigrina (*coming forward*). Ay : apropos to the class I belong !

SONG.

No lord of creation for me !
From bonds I must ever be free
For however pleasing,
Men tiresome, or teasing,
Bothering for petting,
Fidgeting or fretting,

Are often unwilling
To part with a shilling
For what they call frivolitee.
Then its come to this pass,
I must take Selfishass,
Or fall back on faithful doggee.

(*Embracing dog.*)

Tigrina (*cutting Selfishass with whip*). Wake up, Selfishass,
to please a lady !

Selfishass.

SONG.

Haw ! superlative maiden, haw !

(*Yawns.*)

I'll leave you to do all the jaw.
Submit to your humours,
And heed not the rumours,
As they run through May Fair,
"Amazon Anglica,"
"Assina Virgula,"
Is described by the scribbling force
As the governing lass
Over me, Selfishass,
And decidedly *the* better horse.

Lady le Grange.

SONG.

Oh ! my son must be mad !
For, indeed, it's too bad
To miss such a fine property

Eighty thousand pound pile !
 Nineteenth Century style,
 'Tis a great disappointment to me !

Tigrina.

QUARTETTE.

Then its come to this pass,
 I must take Selfishass,
 Or fall back on faithful doggee !

Lady le Grange.

Eighty thousand pound pile,
 Nineteenth Century style,
 'Tis a great disappointment to me !

Selfishass.

As the governing lass
 Over me, Selfishass,
 And decidedly *the* better horse.

Lord le Grange.

O man-girl believe me,
 I will not deceive thee !
 No ; no modern V. A. for me !

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*Behind the scenes.*

CONSTANCE SMITH, *dressed as a ballet girl*, TROUPE DE BALLET,

LORD LE GRANGE, ADOLPHUS SELFISHASS, LAWYER

SMART, *and others.*

Lord le Grange (aside). How lovely and how bright she
looks! And yet

No silly pride of beauty! Gentle, kind
To all, without a spark of vanity!
Oh! Rare girl! How can I gain her love?

(To her.)

You look as brilliant as the Evening Star!
What makes you shine so bright?

Constance. You flatter me
My lord! Perhaps the light's reflected back
From you, the sun, on me the moon; no star
Indeed am I! The planet of the "slips"
Is Mr. Adolphus Selfishass! Oh! what
A pretty name!

Lord le Grange. Which one? The second fits!

Constance. Adolphus, to be sure! Adolphus tie!
Adolphus collars, cuffs, shape, boots and hat!

A dolphin is a fish, is 't not? And so
Is Selfishass, a fish at core so cool,

(*Speaking loud.*)

And sleek!

Selfishass (yawns). He-haw! Miss Constance, did you
speak?

Constance. Yes; I propose a short charade, to pass
Away the time; and since you look so bored—

Selfishass. Nay; I pwotest, the effort is a task
Beyond my power; why, one must think!
Pweposterous ideah! I'm here
On view alone!

(*Yawns.*)

Lord le Grange. Then pose while others think!
It out; proceed, fair lady, with the riddle.

Constance. My first is a "let-in," or "do,"
My second disports in the sea,
My third has long ears, it is true,
My whole is a Masher; haw-he!

(*Yawns.*)

Lawyer Smart. I give you *one* for *that*!

(*Tries to kiss her, but she avoids him.*)

Constance. How dare you thus
Insult? Hark! There's my cue, and I must fly!

[*Exit.*]

Lord le Grange (to Mr. Smart). Do you call yourself
gentleman, or cur?

To treat that pure, untainted girl as you
Would treat a strumpet! Think you that she has
No friends?

Mr. Smart. I know much more of her than you!

Lord le Grange. You know no harm, I'm sure! Take
that!

And *that!*

(Striking him with his cane.)

Mr. Smart. I'll make you dearly pay for this!

Selfishass. Pway, gentlemen, desist, it's getting hot!

Lord le Grange. I fear him not! His threats are idle as
The passing wind upon the solid rock!

Mr. Smart. The wind I raise, laden with the salt
Of hate, shall wither and destroy the frail
And scornful flow'r, that blossoms in its pride,
And mocks my pow'r, resists my love, and bends
Not when I blow upon it!—

Enter MANAGER OF THEATRE.

Manager (to Smart). What is wrong?
What means this breach of rules? I must forbid
Access to you, Sir, here. Do you suppose
You have the privilege to treat my troupe
Like country hoidens at a statute-fair?
Begone! No more return! Or I shall find
The means to make you *Smart* indeed!

[Exeunt Smart and Manager.]

Selfishass (*yawning*). I need a dram, or taste of bitter,
to
Revive my ruffled nerves! He-haw, I faint! (*Yawns.*)
[*Exit.*]

Re-enter CONSTANCE.

Lord le Grange. Oh! Constance, hear me! I renew
my plea.
I love you as my life! Let *me* possess
The right to save you from attacks like these!
Become my wife, and leave these scenes unfit
For natures gifted with attractions, such
As yours!

Constance (*sighs*). It cannot be! A nameless maid
Who weds above her sphere, invites the scorn
Of fate! Could I but rise, and prove by deeds
My worthiness of such an offer; then
Perhaps.—But yet another obstacle
Now intervenes; my heart is more than half
Bestow'd upon another, on conditions
Yet to be proved! His case is the reverse
Of yours, the trial his, not mine, to show
Him worthy, and by deeds to win my hand.
His voice is yours; his eyes are yours; but there
The likeness ends; except the chivalry,
And that appears in both. Could you be roll'd
In one, I fear idolatry for me!
Such beings do not walk this earth! But you
Will still remain my friend? Such friends are scarce.

Lord le Grange. Your friend? Your slave, your every-
thing, to love
And cherish evermore, although my hopes
Be dash'd to pieces! Still, for you I live!

[*Exit.*

SCENE II.—*The Burglar's Room.*

Enter PAT PRIGGER *and* BOB KNUCKLEDUSTER.

Bob Knuckleduster (laying down a large portmanteau). A fine haul, as they say at Brighton, eh? Not *all* are sharks in that fam'd town, ha! ha!

Pat Prigger. We work'd the plant out well! I wonder if That sneak, Sixshooter, has return'd. I hate That man; distrust him too! "Talk of the devil

Enter SIXSHOOTER.

Sixshooter. And he appears." What news from Brighton Pier?

Knuckleduster. Not much. We've been engaged you see in quite A diff'rent spot. Fact is, Pat Prigger took Religious fever, when we got down there And now't would do, but jine the Mission, turn Rewivalists. As city conwerters, we Got interduced; he were appineted guard Of the cloaks and sticks; they little thought that he Belong'd to the Black Brigade! And I, ha! ha! Arter I'd swallow'd conscience at a gulp, Agreed to let myself advertisement-like;—

A board behind, a board before, I roam'd
The Western Road!

Pat Prigger. I see'd him. Talk about
A pious looking chap! The board behind
Had "Home Mission" printed on't, the one before
"Behold the Lamb of God!" Some urchin cried
A wolf, you mean! Here Bob turned up his eyes,
And I said, "Wicked little boy! How dare you mock
At such a time as this? The world is at
An end; it's going to be blown up clean
To-night with dynamite!" Well, at service-time
When all were deep engaged, I hails a cab,
And Bob, he gies a shilling to two boys
To fight at end of street; this trick attracts
The "peeler" from the Hall.—I fills the bag
With skins and wraps; I collars four great coats;
Steps into cab; Bob jumps on top, and then
We sends the bag by luggage. Bob tickets takes
For Portsmouth; I takes two for Hove; we get
Out there and walk to Preston Park, take train
For Town, and here we are.

Sixshooter. And where's my share
Of what you went to pawn? And tickets too?

Pat Prigger. Oh! Here you be; one hundred pounds
your share,
And since you won't jine in with us, we think
You'd better change your lodgings; for we want

(*Winking at Bob.*)

The room for Prayer Meetings, Flower Shows,
And sich like.—If you like to leave your trunk
With us, you can.

Sixshooter. Why not give up this life?
This wretched war with all that's good and wise?
I know a man will set you up with clear
Five hundred each, to leave these dens, and cross
The seas.

Pat Prigger. We've dooties to perform to Number One,
And State that you don't know about, so come
On Bob, and leave this silly youth to shift
His "crib," we want no "Independents" here;
Or he must take the oath that's new-laid-down!

Sixshooter. I've taken all the oath I ever mean
To take with *you*; here comes Dick Smith, in haste!

Enter DICK SMITH.

Bob Knuckleduster. Well, Dick, lad, what's the row?

Dick Smith. Sing small! Be mum!
The "peeler's" in the court!

Pat Prigger. Then up the chimney shove the swag! 'tis
best
To *swagger* off! I'll go and wet my whistle.

Exit.

Knuckleduster. And I will follow suit. (*To Sixshooter*)
You'd better quit.

[*Exit.*

Dick Smith. Here, Sixshooter's, a note for you.

Sixshooter. Thanks, Dick.

(*Reads.*)

I say, my lad, will you this dirty trade
Give up? You'll have to take the oath to some
Infernal job! I'll make it worth your while.

Dick Smith. What can I do?

Sixshooter. Why, start a "coffee cart." I'll find the
"dibs."

Dick Smith. Agreed. Let's leave the den at once.
Will you

Lead on, and call on Constance now?

Sixshooter. Yes, lad;

I *am* so glad to save you ere too late.

[*Exit.*]

SCENE III.—*Smith's Room.*

CONSTANCE *sitting sewing her gloves.*

Enter SIXSHOOTER.

Constance. Then you received my note ?

Sixshooter. Yes, noble girl !

I come to offer you my hand ; my heart
Has long been yours ; and my unworthy self
I throw, a captive at your feet ; my fate,
And with it fortune, future hopes, and all
My happiness in life !

Constance. You tell me so !
But I would put you to the test ! Pray tell
Tell me why you choose this base, dishonourable,
And wicked life ? A man like you ! Of parts !
Of learning ! brave and strong ! should have an aim
To better, nobler ends. I trust it could
Not be, attracted by a passing fancy, you
Were tempted here !

Sixshooter. Ah ! No ; a thousand times ! Misjudge me
not !
I had not seen the charms that bind me to

This spot! Some day my motives, now unknown,
May be revealed, and prove me *not* so bad
As I appear!

Constance. God grant it may be so!
Your generosity and helping hand
Are here proverbial. That you have means
No one denies; but how obtained? Ay, there's
The hitch! That you do aid the weak against
The strong is known by all; and least not miss'd
By me!

Sixshooter. Ah! thanks for those kind words! but let
That pass. What path in life is open now
To *me*, to prove my worth, and give me hope
To gain your hand?

Constance. Examples sure abound!
There is Policeman Y. A soldier's life
Might better suit your taste—or *mine*. Indeed,
What nobler task can be than serving Queen
And fatherland?

Sixshooter. What, wed a common soldier?

Constance. Why not? They're mean and paltry minds
who sneer
At those who wear the scarlet coat; despise
The men who die to save their homes. Ah me!
Were I a duchess, I should *not* think less
Of one I loved because his heart beneath

A sergeant's coat did beat. And I would wed
Him too, in spite of custom's ban !

Sixshooter. I kneel
Before such virtue ! Swear I will obey !
A soldier's life for me !

(*Takes her hand and kisses it.*)

Constance (*kissing him on forehead as he kneels*). Be true !
Farewell.

[*Exit, shedding tears.*]

Sixshooter. Oh ! rapture of my heart ! That seal of love
Has bound the arteries of life in one
Compact and solid mass. Henceforth I try
To act the hero's part. But first some plan
Must be devised to guard the tender flower
So precious to my soul. Ah, well ! I hope
I've done some good, but more remains to do.
Think not, O visitor sanctimonious !
With spiritual pride induced, think not
By dropping tracts of scripture texts, without
One act of simple alms, nay, not a mite,
To cure the rankling sore. Do you, O quacks
Political, who point to Confiscation,
Think you, save Paul by robbing Peter's store ?
The State would by your means become a kind
Of Union workhouse, huge, unmanageable.
And manly independence slain ; and all
The people paupers. Let the State enforce
Its laws ; then private enterprise and kind

Direct philanthropy can do the rest.
The rich must *mingle* with the poor, and cast
Aside the foolish class distinctions. When
They see with their own eyes the misery
They shirk, then only will the good be done.

[*Exit.*

SCENE IV.—*Tobias Smith's Cottage in the country.*

TOBIAS *seated in round-arm chair, taking matutinal pipe ; his daughter MARY busy setting things in order.*

Tobias Smith. The train will soon arrive. Be quick,
my dear,
And put your bonnet on. You go alone
To meet your city cousins ; I expect
A friend, on business, so must be excused.

Mary Smith. Yes, daddy, dear ; but for our credit, love,
The things I must put straight, besides, for those
Poor souls who dwell 'mid fog and smoke, we must
Have all things bright and cheerful, clean and gay,
To greet our friends upon Bank Holiday.

[*Puts on bonnet and exit.*]

Tobias (reading a letter). I wonder what he means by these
odd words,
Of "Flying Colours." Has he turned soldier ?

Enter TIM SIXSHOOTER, as a recruit, with ribbons on hat.

(*Shaking hands*) Ah ! Glad to see you, Tim, Turn'd honest,
eh ?

Sixshooter. Yes, old man ; all for love and duty too.
But now I want your help.

Tobias. A groom-down, leg-
Up, what you will. I'm darnèd pleased to see
This change.

Sixshooter. Ay, ever kind and true to me.
But now I plead for one you love more still,
Whom by your slender means you've so far bred
And train'd; how well you've succeeded is
Displayed in every act of that sweet girl.
I know she has ambition to excel
In her profession, rather, I may say
To grace the stage in comedy. There is
A thousand pounds; with that you can provide
A fashionable school, accomplishments
And board: but chiefly to attend the new
And useful School Dramatic, *she* requires.

Tobias. By Gom! Is this come honest by? For *not*
One penny on't will *I* take *if* 'tis *not*.

Sixshooter. What, Toby, dost not know me, man, clean
shaved?

Tobias (*looking hard at him*). By Golly! Ah! 'tis——

Sixshooter. Hush! I trust to you.
As yet she knows me Sixshooter by name
Alone. I offer'd her my hand, which she
Accepted on condition of reform
And proof of worth.

Tobias. Ah!

Sixshooter. Hence these flutt'ring strips.

I would in trenches willing lie, or fight
 Like Hector, but to gain approving smile
 From her. But I must go. Farewell, old man.

Tobias. Farewell! And may the angels guard and guide
 You safely back.

[*Exit Sixshooter.*]

To think I could not tell
 A racer, when I see'd him, from a thick-
 Skinn'd cart horse. Wonders 'll never cease.

Enter JAMES SMITH *and* WIFE, CONSTANCE, KATE
and MARY. *Greeting all round.*

Welcome, dear Jim, with all your flock. But first
 I'll kiss the hand of *this*, my eldest pet.

Constance (*offering cheek*). And cheek as well, you dear
 old nurse—you say
 I always called you nurse, before I could
 Pronounce the name of *Uncle*. I suppose
 I was a tender chick, and you took me
 In hand; I hope to prove my gratitude
 Some day.

Tobias. You have done that already by
 Your filial duty. Where my brother Jim
 Would be without your industry I do
 Not know. And Kate, good Kate, she does her part
 (*Embracing her.*)

And teaches us to keep our "faith," and ne'er
 Forget the Sovereign of all. I *do* not think

There is a vicious foal or filly in
The "batch," thank God! Not e'en audacious Dick.

Enter DICK SMITH, with Coffee-barrow.

Why, here he comes. Halloa Dick! what have
You there? And how came you with *that*, my lad?

Dick Smith. Ay, that's the question. Sixshooter, of
course;

He found the "chink;" he's done more good than all
The pack of prating fools that come about
The courts and alleys. Whether he's all straight,
A swell disguised, another Robin Hood,
Or what, I do not care a rap; he's made
An honest lad of me. I've cleared five bob
To-day. I'll rest the barrow now, hurray!

*Enter BILL SMITH, dressed as Captain of Salvation Army,
and SHARPEYES.*

Tobias. Welcome boys. So, Bill, you lead the noisy crew.
Ah! never mind, you do more good than harm.

(Filling some glasses with ale.)

Come, just a glass to drink the health of that
Unselfish chap, Tim Sixshooter, the best
Of men.

Constance (excitedly). You know him. Ah! Who *is* he,
pray?

Tobias. That's tellings. Never mind; he's worthy to
Be emperor. Fill up, old man *(to Jim)*.

Dick. Nay, stay!

They are all abstainers *but* me. *Let* me stand
The ginger beer and coffee, milk and tea.
But *I* will take a glass, old man, with you.

(*They hold up their glasses.*)

Tobias. Three cheers for Sixshooter! May he come back
With laurels crown'd!

(*Looking knowingly at Constance.*)

Constance (eagerly). How know you that he's gone?

Tobias. Because with streamers on his hat, he's been
To bid farewell! So, Jim, I see you've ta'en
The pledge; that's roight, you never did know when
You'd had enough.

James Smith. Well, they prevailed. I think
That none can prove that I was ever drunk.
However, here's a health to Tim; I wish

(*Drinking ginger beer, and making wry face.*)

Him luck and safe return. He's been a friend
To me and mine.—Whatever folks may think.

Tobias (singing). SONG.

Now off to the woods and the meadows so gay
To gather the wild flowers or romp on the hay
I'll follow; with Constance I've something to say,
Trip along, with a song; you all know the way.

CHORUS.

To pluck and to weave the sweet blossoms of June,
A chaplet for Constance! We'll chant some gay tune

To give it a charm of the fairies unseen ;
And when she arrives, we will crown her, our queen.

[*Exeunt all but Tobias and Constance.*]

Tobias. Now, darling pet, I'll not detain you long ;
You've oft express'd a wish t' excel in your
Vocation. Will you go to school again and there
Resume the study of your art ? I have
The means at hand.

Constance. How can I tax your love
With such a great expense ? And what's to keep
The wolf from father's door ?

Tobias. Fear not for *that*,
It is provided for !

Constance. Indeed ! I shall rejoice to study in
The schools of Art, especially of Art
Dramatic ! Words I cannot find to thank
You, dearest friend.

(*Throwing herself on his neck.*)

Tobias. Nay, darling, thank me not ;
It comes from higher source. Some angel from
The skies, for you, has dropp'd it at my feet.
But come along, let's jog, and join the fun.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.—*Orchard and meadow, hay-cocks, exterior of Tobias' romantic cottage in a coomb of the Downs, Church spire in distance.*

Holiday makers surrounding CONSTANCE *place her on a Rustic Throne, or seat festooned with foliage and flowers.*

KATE and MARY *place a chaplet of flowers on her head.*

CHORUS.

Belovèd queen, accept the crown
New-woven with these flow'rets rare!
'Tis lined with softest thistle-down
That chariots fairies through the air.
Here humming bees their songs attune
And drowsy moths in mid-day June
Hide their dull wings from vulgar stare.
'Neath this bright wreath which now you wear,
We hail you fairest of the fair.

(Shouts.)

Constance. Thanks, friends and kin for this ovation
Proud I reign o'er a loving nation.

(To uncle Tobias)

Come, nurse and share the throne with me,
I fear "Responsibility."

(To the rest.)

Now we will hear your last new song;
If 'tis topical—not too long.

Dick (with his barrow). SONG.

I sing the praise of Chinese Gordon,
And trust he may repass the cordon
Of Arab spears. He help'd poor lads, see ;
I hope he won't at beck of country
Fall sacrifice to duty's calling
Among those many hordes appalling.
Shaftesbury, too's, another good un,
Give him three cheers, there's nothing wooden
About his pate. His skill at carving
Out a path has saved from starving
Many a soul, both lass and lad,
And he declares we're not all bad.

CHORUS.

We're not all bad. We're not all bad
That live in London rookeries.
We're not all bad, as you may plainly see.
They're not all good. They're not all good,
That dwell in May-Fair avenues.
They're not all good in high society.

Tobias. A very good song.

Bill Smith. SONG.

I ask your applause for the Temp'rance cause
With its Ribbons Etherial blue.
Three cheers for the Booths, who've told us some truths,
And saved from disgrace not a few.
You may not approve of the teetotal move,
Nor take the same line that we do,

But you will allow, that, mid all the row
 We're not a contemptible crew.
 Some think we're all mad, because we're not sad,
 Our plan of reform somewhat new ;
 The Salvation host is not a mere ghost,
 Can be jarr'd and cork'd down with a screw.
 We're not all bad, &c.

Tobias. Ay ; Bill, a very good song.

Kate Smith. SONG.

The thrush, the blackbird, and the lark
 Their song of thanks melodious sing
 For light and air and liberty,
 To nature, fountain, sparkling spring,
 Of all their joys.—By her they're housed,
 They also take their fill in her,
 Three cheers give I, for cheaper homes,
 And airier rooms, to good Miss Hill,
 To Peabody and Salisbury,
 Morgan and Dilke, and Mrs. Fry,
 And all who health and comfort bring
 To me, the little milliner.

CHORUS (*finale*). We're not all bad, &c.

A lapse of two years between Act II. and III.

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*Lawyer Smart's Office.*

LAWYER SMART *alone, with deeds spread out.*

Lawyer Smart. A dowry of twenty thousand pounds is not to be sneezed at. She will be of age in a few days, and then I can set her proud friends at defiance; besides, if I can secure the hand of the beautiful possessor, I shall escape the necessity of accounting for the interest—a great part of which I have spent in endeavouring to make my position worthy of the lovely creature. The game is worth the shot.

(*Rings.*)

Enter SHARPEYES.

Have you prepared the deeds?

Sharpeyes. Yes, Sir; there they are. (*Aside, at door.*)
Good Lord.

Smart. What are you mumbling about?

Sharpeyes. I said you'd make a *good lord*.

Smart. Learn to keep your opinions to yourself.
Send that Mr. Prigger here as soon as he arrives.

Sharpeyes. He's been waiting half-an-hour.

[*Exit.*]

Enter PAT PRIGGER.

Smart. So you are the I. C. U. of that *striking* advertisement in *The Daily Telegraph*! Have you brought the *instrument* with you?

Pat Prigger. Yes; but your honour is aware that these things are rather more than *slightly* dangerous, especially if the possessor is an Oirishman. Before we go further in this business, I requoire you to take the Oath of the Irish Confederated Union, or I. C. U.

Smart. Very well; *I see you*, and *you see me*; pray do you see much of the *Emerald* about me?

Pat Prigger. No; by my faith; I *perceave* more of the *Grind-stone*!

Smart. First, what are your terms? I don't suppose you would get more than £100 for putting your machine under the House of Lords!

Pat Prigger. P'raps not; but then, that's *making history*, there's something patriotic about *that*. I couldn't undertake a *private enterproise* for five times the sum.

Smart. What if you could settle a little private matter of your own at the same time?

Pat Prigger. Ah! what's *that*?

Smart. Well, I think you know the family of James Smith, your near neighbours in the slums; I wish you to give them all, including Epsom-Toby, a good *blowing-up*; the wretched block is to *come down*, it will save expense if it *goes up* first.

Pat Prigger. Say £400, and I'm your man.

Smart. Agreed; but that must include the services of your mate; he's here, we'll have him in.

(*Rings.*)

Enter BOB KNUCKLEDUSTER.

(*Laying before them an agreement.*) There; just sign *that*.

(*They read it and sign.*)

Have you any idea where Constance Smith lives?

Knuckleduster. No; she 'ain't been seen more nor two or three times in Slumtown these two years.

Smart. She must not be included with the *family*!

Knuckleduster. That's easily managed; Mrs. Gintears can arrange all *that*. There's that man Sixshooter, I hear he's come back a sergeant; he might gie us a lot of trouble.

Smart. Oh! indeed! He must be got out of the way.

Pat Prigger. I know what will give him seven years' *hard work*, that'll settle him. We must now trouble you to take the oath of the I. C. U.

Smart. All right.

(*Pat Prigger administers the oath.*)

I. C. U. at your *den* to-morrow, and again on the morning of the *event*. Show me your machine.

Pat Prigger (showing clockwork machine). The "wisdom of our ancestors" couldn't come up to that pitch of cleverness!

Smart (alone). No; nor of devilry either.

[*Exeunt Pat and Bob.*

(*Sharpeyes puts his head inside the door unobserved, and listens.*)

First I must ripen the scheme to upset Sixshooter ;
I wonder if its true that Le Grange died of sun-stroke in
Egypt ;

If so, *he's* out of the way. So now, charming Constance,
The train is laid, and ere long I shall be master of your
destiny.

(*Rings.*)

Enter Mrs. GINTEARS. (*A pearl of alcoholic sorrow on her
cheek.*)

I'm sorry to see you in trouble, Mrs. Gintears.

Mrs. Gintears. It's all along of them wretched abstainers ;
I bewails their miserable state. Here's them Smiths, as
used to be pleasant enough, 'olds their 'eads so proud-like,
and unfeeling ; I'm sure a little gin does their *cemetaries*
good.

(*Sniffles and uses her gingham.*)

Smart. Sympathies, I suppose you mean.

Mrs. Gintears. Yis ; I likes the sounding of them long
words, and they all has the *same meaning*. I'm sure if it
warn't for a glass of white satin, I should niver drop a tear.

(*Sniffles again and uses her gingham.*)

Smart. You still know the habits of the family ?

Mrs. Gintears. Lord love yer, yis ; Jim,—poor chap,
how thin he's grow'd!—he will have 'em all down to
dinner at One o'clock, postman-riddy-un.

Smart. Do you know anything of Constance Smith ?

Mrs. Gintears. Yis ; she's allus the same ; allus kind ; allus a lady ; but she shakes her head at the bottle. She's never at home now ; they say she's a going to be a great actress, and marry a lord.

Smart. Would you undertake to manage a house for me ; I will give you a good salary, and something down ; but I shall want you to strictly obey my orders, and be *mum* about what goes on.

Mrs. Gintears. Just the very thing for me, as my friend Mary Ann used to say, "Mrs. Gintears, we knows the way to your heart ; it isn't," says she, "that you cares about money, its the charms of spirituuous pleasure, that befoozles you."

Smart. Well, get me Constance Smith's address, with any other particulars of her movements ; call at my office to-morrow at Six in the evening, and I will place you in charge of the house ; you will want to look a little bit showy, so you will find *that* useful to start with.

(*Gives her some gold pieces. She curtseys.*)

[*Exit Gintears.*]

(*Looking at watch*) By Jove, I shall be late for my best client.

[*Exit in great haste.*]

Enter SHARPEYES, taking Smart's seat.

Sharpeyes (alone). His would-be-lordship has had a pretty set of clients here to-day ; with the help of a quartern of Old Tom I worm'd a little information out of

Mrs. Gintears. She was pleased I hadn't taken the Blue Ribbon fever. Ah! what have we here? His keys? He *must* have been excited to leave *them* behind.

(*Opening a drawer.*)

So! this is an agreement between my *Smart-master* and two of the greatest villains in Slumtown. Conspiracy, eh? That's an ugly word, at any time, but directed against life and property its a very serious matter indeed! I'll copy *this*, and have it attested; set Dick Smith to watch the plotters; warn Constance and Sixshooter, and take Uncle Toby into confidence about these other deeds.

(*Makes a rapid copy of agreement.*)

(*Rapping at door.*)

Come in!

Enter TOBIAS SMITH.

The very man I wanted to see; look here!

(*Showing deeds.*)

I want you to attest these copies.

(*Reads and attests copy.*)

Tobias Smith. Bravo! we shall have the slippery colt in the snaffle yet; let him look out, or he may lose the linchpin from his cart. What a vicious criminal to go to blow up a whole family to destroy evidence! Why, he's worse than *Guy Fawkes*!

Sharpeyes. Yes, but I think Master Smart has missed a point or two in the brief. Come along, old man, we'll have supper together.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*Reception Room at Lord Fogtown's.*

LORD LE GRANGE *waiting to see him.*

Lord le Grange (looking on miniature). Two years have
fleeted by since last we met ;

And yet, impatient heart, it seems an age.
'Twas Constance, as the rose-bud by the sun
Expanded, in full glory blooms and blows,
Whose charms effulgent dazzle and delight
The eye, entrancing ev'ry sense ; so doth
Her beauty, now matured, dement the soul,
And only rivalled by her wit. With what
Consummate art she played her *rolé*, and yet
With gentle modesty and inborn grace
Received the plaudits of the house, that came
In thunder-peals, as showers of bouquets fell
About her feet. Methought she gave me one
Kind smile ; but looking round, expectant gazed.

*(Looking up from miniature, he perceives a painting, a family
portrait, at the other end of room. He rises, and stands
opposite to it.)*

Ah ! Strange resemblance ! Eyes, and nose, and cheeks !
Her mouth ! Expression sweet ! Complexion, hair,
Form ; every lineament the same ! What can
It mean ?

Enter LORD FOGTOWN, unobserved.

Lord Fogtown. Le Grange, I pray you pardon. Have I kept you waiting?

(They shake hands.)

Le Grange. No, my lord. Excuse My rudeness, for engross'd comparing these Two portraits, miniature and painting——

(Showing miniature)

Lord Fogtown. Ah!
How came you with that copy of the dead?

Le Grange. No copy of the dead, but of living flesh
As beautiful as ever Eve put on.
You did not see the *debutante* last night?

Lord Fogtown. No; I have late return'd from distant
lands.
'Tis twenty years or more since I set foot
On English soil.

Le Grange. Ah! I was but a lad,
And yet remember well your pleasant face
But piercing eye. If not too rude, who was
That lady fair?

Lord Fogtown. My dear lost wife. The gap
Of Time has scarce let in sufficient air
To dry my tears. My father's cruel hate
Had driven her from our home one wintry night
Ere I return'd from duty; striving hard

To reach her father's hall, she fell ill
Near some peasant's cot, gave birth to a baby-girl
And died. Report was rife the child died too.
At any rate, a babe was buried by
Her side. This likeness hope renews : dost know
Where this sweet girl was bred ?

Lord le Grange. Near Epsom Downs ;
I think by honest Toby Smith, a man
Beloved and well-known on the turf ; but I
Will sound him on the matter. Should she prove
Your daughter, as I hope, will you consent,
She nothing loth, to place her hand in mine ?
Long have I lov'd her.

Lord Fogtown. Prove the honour mine,
And gladly I the gift bestow on you.
'Tis too much joy for childless man to find
A son and daughter. Summon'd late last night,
I reach'd my father's couch in time to hear
One word—Forgive ! I press'd his hand, but he
Had pass'd away ere I could speak.

Le Grange. I knew
Not of this blow, believe me, or——

Lord Fogtown. Pray, no apology ! Your sire and I
Were best of friends ; I look on you, indeed,
As one of us. You will attend the last
Remains to the resting-place ?

Lord le Grange. Accept my thanks ;
Till then adieu !

(*They shake hands.*)

Lord Fogtown. Farewell !

Le Grange. I seek the girl.

[*Exit.*

Lord Fogtown. May heaven grant me this long wished-
for boon !

SCENE III.—*Exterior of Tobias' Cottage in Country.*

St. Lubbock's Day.

Enter TOBIAS, walks about impatiently.

Tobias. Ah! here she comes; she's the loveliest lass
That e'er my eyes set on! By golly me!
It proves the case of breed; no training could
Such pace as *that* put on. A thorough-bred
Is she. There's as much difference in men
As horses. Don't tell me that all are born
Of equal stuff.

Enter CONSTANCE. They embrace.

Constance. Well, uncle dear, we've come
To spend St. Lubbock's here with you.
Is't not a lovely day? I feel just like
A captive freed! How well you look, old nurse!
As plump and rosy as the apples in
Your orchard. Is't the sun and breeze that put
That hardy colour on your cheeks? How sweet
The perfume floats upon the ambient air.
No "Jockey Club" can vie with this! Ah! who
Comes here? (*Aside*) How tiresome, 'tis that Selfishass.

Tobias (aside). How can I tempt this bud of noble stock
To wed that ass approaching now? Ha! ha!

(*Laughs.*)

(*Aloud*) How do, Adolphus? (*Aside*) What a name! It strains

My mouth to utter it! And yet it fits
Its owner. (*Aloud*) Come, shake a paw, old boy.

Selfishass (*holding two fingers*). Haw do? and you, Miss
Constance, haw d'ye do?

(*Yawns.*)

Too hot, he-haw, to shake hands. Horrid smells!

(*Yawns.*)

Tobias (*laying hold of wrist*). Come, wake!

Selfishass. Take cayah! you discompose my cuffs.
Deawh me! A fly-dirt on my boot! he-haw

(*Yawns.*)

Tobias. Wake up, and don't forget why you came here.

(*Aside*)

Will this style of thing his lordship jealous make?

Selfishass (*turning to Constance*). He-haw! Miss Smith—
indeed, it is too hot

To woo!

Constance. What mean you, Sir? Have I e'er given
You cause to talk such stuff to me? Away!

Tobias. I thought to please you, dear; my sister said
That he were sweet on you. He's of good stock,
So I deem'd it a fitting chance to pop
The question.

Constance. What? propose to me to wed
The missing link? A clothes horse, eh?

A tailor's dummy? Stand to hang a hat
 Upon? That can't say boo to goose or bah
 To sheep? To whom 'tis too much toil to shake
 Your honest hand? Call that a man to wed?
 Why love clings not to stocks and stones!
 If 'tis a parasite, 'tis not like *ivy*,
 'Tis like the *mistletoe*, it sprouts from thorns
 And sturdy oaks, and apple-trees! To show
 Its hardy nature, bears its pearly fruit
 'Mid winter's frost. I, too, would like to cast
 My lot upon a *man*, not on a *stone*.

Tobias (*stroking Selfishass as he would a horse*). Ah, well!
 he looks well groom'd; there's not much
 vice

In him, I think; but little virtue too!
 He's rather stiff about the loins, perhaps.
 There's not much go! (*giving him a poke*) Enough of *stay*,
 ha! ha!

Constance. He *stays* too much for me, he-haw!
 (*Mimicking him.*)

Selfishass. Ta-taw!
 (*Yawns.*)
 [*Exit.*]

Tobias (*aside*). I can keep back no longer. (*Aloud*) Lady
 hear!

And oh! forgive! You are not what you seem.
 I'm bound by oath—may not the truth reveal!
 I love you as my child, although no kin
 Of mine.

Constance. Forgive you, uncle dear. Ay; ten times
o'er

I'm sure, if wrong there be, it is no wrong.
Of yours. So bless your honest heart! Your friend
I'll aye remain! My jolly uncle still
I call you! Kin or no kin, matters not
To me. But look! the pleasure seekers come.

*Enter SERGEANT SIXSHOOTER towards Constance,
holding out his arms.*

Sixshooter. At last we meet!
(She throws herself into his arms.)

Constance. Yes, here's the sturdy oak,
And I the mistletoe.

Sixshooter. 'Tis worth the toil—
The march through blinding sand; the burning thirst
Ill-quench'd at dirty pools; the rankling wound
From Arab spear—this rich reward to win.

Constance. Indeed, my love! I little thought of these
Appalling wars, when first the task I set.
And oh! what horrid dreams I've had, I need
Not tell. My pillow, wet with tears, will bear
Me witness of my grief. Oh, promise me
You'll never go again.

Sixshooter. Ah! that depends
On you

(Looking tenderly on her).

Enter BILL, DICK, KATE, and MARY SMITH, and
SHARPEYES.

I'm glad to see all look so well
And happy !

(Shaking hands all round.)

Dick Smith. Thanks to *you* ! And truly pleas'd
Are we to see you safe return'd. You must
Have had some sharp work out there ; I see
You're copper'd on the cheeks a bit ; no scar
Or ugly wound in sight ; that's fortunate !

Sixshooter. No ; *I* escap'd disfigurement, but received
A bullet in my side, a spear thrust on
My neck.

Bill Smith. Ah ! would that fighting, such as that
Could cease for ever. Men are worse than beasts.

Mary Smith. They must defend the right, or better cause.

Kate Smith. What *is* the right ? 'tis difficult to prove ;
Each thinks the other wrong ! Why madly fight
For such uncertain good ? It oft is lust
Of power, a nation's pride, prestige, or sheer
Neglect of duty, fear to take prompt means
To nip disorder in the bud. I like
The song, " Let those who make the quarrels be
The only ones to fight ! "

Constance. Ambition makes the quarrels ; often fierce
And bloody. Liberty would be destroyed
If all did not defend her sacred cause.

The Government decides the justice of
The cause. And woe betide the nation whose
Rulers deceive its people with false words.

Tobias. Enough! The queen of hearts has spoken truth.
Now all but you and Sharpeyes go and dance
In yonder paddock; kiss in the ring, or what
You like. For we have business to transact.

[*Exeunt all but Sixshooter, Tobias, and Sharpeyes.*]
Our darling Constance has achiev'd a great
Success, and now pays back the thousand pounds.

Sixshooter. Its use for me is o'er; accept it, pray,
As dowry for your daughter Mary, and
Thank offering for service well-perform'd.

Tobias. Since you're engag'd to that confiding girl
You ought to know that she is not my niece,
But higher born. A vow debars that I
Divulge her birth while old Earl Fogtown lives.

Sharpeyes (showing newspaper). He died three days ago.

Tobias. Ah! then I'm free
To speak!

Sharpeyes. Nay, wait awhile; you must to the Earl
The secret disclose.

(*To Sixshooter.*)

Beware of Lawyer Smart; to ruin you
He has devised a plot. He is in love
With Constance; swears he will compel her soon
To marry him. But I believe I've got

Him safe. The mouse has set the lion free
Ere now.

Sixshooter. I thank you for the warning.

Re-enter CONSTANCE, KATE, MARY, DICK *and*
BILL SMITH.

Now, dear friends,
Pray tell me where you live. I found no soul
About the wretched room.

Kate Smith. No, only dad
And mother, Dick and Cripp'd Joe, 'tis true,
In that sad hole remain. We long have left
The spot, and dwell in pretty cots outside
The town. They, too, will leave this week. Indeed,
The Prince of Wales, with kind and thoughtful care
Has visited the dens, and join'd with heart
And hand the great and noble cause, "Improve
The dwellings of the Poor."

Tobias. Ay, Royalty
Is best spoice to the pudding! True, it gi'es
The crowning relish to our English Sports,
Friendly Societies, Balls, Races, Plays,
And ev'ry manly cause. Let's have the Anthem.

Anthem—"God bless the Prince of Wales."

Kate Smith. (SOLO).

ADDITIONAL VERSE.

He ever seeks our comfort
To help us never fails,

Then let us sing with fervour
God bless the Prince of Wales.
To raise our native standard
In music, painting, art
Of every kind, stands foremost,
Or takes a leading part.
And now in social questions
Fearless, unfurls the sails,
And guides the ship through dangers,
God bless the Prince of Wales!

Chorus.

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*James Smith's Room.*

JAMES SMITH, *smoking, alone.*

James Smith. Another week, and then this wretched hole I hopes to leave ; things *du* look better now, But still I miss my pals and pot o' beer. A few moor days ;—no moor abstainin' then ! And no more *blues* for me ! Ah ! Mrs. Gintears ! How goes the world wi' you ? You *du* look smart !

Mrs. Gintears. Yes, smart's the word, for Smart has done it all, Yer see I've got a rare place now. I comed To tell you folks of my good luck ; I bears No malice, though you *hev* been so stuck up Wi foine teetotal pride ; I gets my *gin* By gallon now ! Where's Jinny ?

James Smith. *She's* at work As usual ; nothink tires my wife, yer know.

Mrs. Gintears. And Constance, where's she now ?

James Smith. She don't live here ; She's Primer Donner on the stage, I think At Drury Lane ; she leaves there ev'ry night

At 'leven o'clock. Oh; praps you'd like her card.
(*Gives her a card.*)

Mrs. Gintears. Yis, thank yer, Jeams (*aside*), jist what I wanted, Sir!

Enter DICK SMITH.

Dick. By Jingo, Missis; what a swell you cut! What parvinoo have you jist nuss'd to death?

Mrs. Gintears. You mind your bus'ness, Mister Imperance;
And ax no questions, then I'll tell no lies.

Dick. You've got the pick of old Spout's second-hand; His shop 'ull have a wery shabby look, Till some poor starveling sells her Sunday togs! But niver mind, you *du* look stunnin nice! I dare say, now, you've got a pocket snug In that 'ere satin gownd for your sweet friend, Old Tom.

Mrs. Gintears. Oh, Dick, you *are* a 'nointed dog! In course I *hev*; come, get a glass or two.
(*Produces gin-bottle from pocket.*)

Dick Smith (*grinning at his father sets down two glasses*).
Here's *one* for you, and *one* for me; but dad
Has got to wait a little while before
He comes to *gin* from *ginger* beer.

James Smith. Ay; right

You are ; but I'll make up for lost time then ;
Good-bye !

[Exit James Smith

Mrs. Gintears. Now, *this* is *what* I likes ; no Mission stuff,
And Satin-ariun measures does for me !
Why, soon they'll scour the place to that degree,
There won't be ev'n the smell of ignions left !

Dick Smith. Satin-ariun ! who the deuce is he ?
You should't abuse them ugly words, they spile
Yer *pritty* mouth ! I sees a tear-drop spirt !
I knows yer' appy ! Wet t'other eye.

Mrs. Gintears. Ah ! good ! It's allers the second glass
that fills
The bussum. Here's a health to lawyer Smart !

Dick Smith. Brayvo ! (*Aside.*) It's oft the second bar-
rel kills !
Good shot o' mine ! (*Aloud.*) One moor afore we part ?
Now, where do you hang out, my dear ; for I
Must come and cheer you up at your new sty.

Mrs. Gintears. At Number Nine in Queer Street, Lei-
cester Square.
But I must go ; Thursday, I'll see you there.

[Exit.

Dick Smith. Well done, old gal ! There's nothink like
your drink
To swill out secrets ! Some are leaky born ;
My dad, for instance ; others need to oil

The pump before the water flows ; and then,
Like Mrs. Gintears, soon may fill your pail !

(*Writes.*)

Enter SHARPEYES.

Sharpeyes. Well, Dick ; got any news of Master Smart
And his allies ?

Dick Smith. Yes ; Missis Gintears just
Let fall a drop or two. There's her address ;
I writ it down. She come just now rigged out
In silks and satins ; primed with snuffy scents,
And strong Old Tom. She drank the lawyer's health ;
Invited me a Thursday night to spend
An hour or two.

Sharpeyes. Of course, you'll go ?

Dick Smith. Yis, rayther ;
Dear Missis Gintears loves me next to gin !
I've got my other plans in hand, to watch
My holy neighbours at their plots and oaths !
I'll look you up if anything occurs.

Sharpeyes. All right, my lad ; I go to see my Kate.

Dick Smith. And I, to earn a bob, if not too late.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*Apartments, No. 9, Queer Street.*

Enter Mrs. GINTEARS, introducing PAT PRIGGER and BOB KNUCKLEDUSTER, dressed as professional gentlemen.

Grey wigs and leards.

Mrs. Gintears. These be the 'partments, gintlemen, proprietorated by Mr. Smart to the poor lunatic wife of his misfortunate friend, Lord what's-his-name.

Pat Prigger (in an assumed gruff voice). Hum! Ha!
They'll do.—Dangerous case!

Woman! do you understand your responsibilities?

Mrs. Gintears. Well, I can't say as how I *du* 'xactly. Praps, honourable gintlemen, you'll give me some *spiflication*.

Pat Prigger. Yes; but your duties are simple enough. First you must take the oath of the I. C. U., or you must leave this house immediately; those are the orders of the Lord Chancellor.

Mrs. Gintears. Oh!——I-see-you—(*aside*)—I should be blind if I didn't—(*aloud*)—There ain't no hot poker wanted, I hope.

(*Looking frightened and snivelling.*)

Pat Prigger. No, woman; fetch a bottle of water and some glasses.

Mrs. Gintears (curtsying). Would you like a little gin with it, gintlemen?

Pat Prigger. Yes, it would be as well, in place of something better, as a *fortification*.

[*Exit Mrs. Gintears.*

I say, Bob, you'd better keep your red rag tight at the roots, she hasn't twigged us yet; your cockney lingo 'ull spoil the bis'ness.

Bob Knuckleduster. All right; "mum" and "mimes" the words; my gimlets! She looks amost as fine as us! She got that satin gownd at ole Sol's, or I'm a saint. Have you got the *handcher* and chloriform?

Pat Prigger. Of course; you don't catch me forgetting my tools! I've 'ranged with Cabby; he turned out to be an I. C. U., so a quid settled him; he's to stop at the next turnin, where we must step in and use the "mop."

Enter Mrs. GINTEARS, with water, glasses, and gin-bottle.

Mrs. Gintears. There, gintlemen; when I offers yer *that*, I parts wi me best friend.

Pat Prigger (helping himself copiously to gin and-water, and offering a tumbler of gin to Bob). Here, Doctor Try-the-Mind. You take it neat, for the asthma, eh?

(*Bob bows, and drinks it off.*)

Mrs. Gintears (sipping the liquor, and smacking lips). Excuse me, gentlemen, your silent friend don't drink that apreechin-tive-like; he swallers it as if it were Caster-ile!

Pat Prigger. Hold your tongue, woman ; and don't use words you don't understand !

(Producing from his pocket, cross-bones and a skull with phosphorus in sockets.)

Now, kneel down, and take the oath. Look hard at the skull ! and say these words after me :—

“As sure as I. C. U. I swear not to enter these rooms, whatever may happen, after Eleven o'clock to-night, except by special order of Mr. Smart, or some other I. C. U., on pain of death !”

Mrs. Gintcars (who repeats the oath as ordered). Amen ! Oh ! For the Lawk's sake, Sir, remove them bones ! I sees the oies a comin into the sockets ! Ugh !

(She shivers with fear.)

Pat Prigger. Ay ; and if you look a little longer you'll see the hair growing ! *(To Bob.)* Now, Doctor Try-the-Mind, we must depart to see to the poor lunatic lady !

(Holding the skull close to Mrs. Gintcar's face.)

Beware the oath !

[Exeunt Pat and Bob.]

Mrs. Gintcars (fanning herself with a fine lace handkerchief (ring at door) shivering, and taking a swig at bottle). Lawk a mercy upon us ! I feels just like a cook what's 'ad her 'ead in the oven ; and next like a cat what's tumbled into a tub of snow.—ugh !—Oh ! Lawk ! Amen ! I allers feels lighter when I says that word ; it brings back my Juniper days ;—I hears the ole Clerk drawl it out, so solemn-like ;

—my pore husband—Ah! he war a rum un—used to say the Clerk war the adwanced guard agin *Jim Crow*.

(*Another ring.*)

There it be again! I hope its Dick Smith; I shall feel more *cowardrageous* when he's here.

(*Goes out, and returns with Dick Smith.*)

Ain't this snug? But I'm all of a flustration; there's been two doctors here; they're going to bring a mad woman at eleven o'clock. They've emptied my bottle. I'll fetch some more.

[*Exit.*

Dick Smith. There's somethin irreg'lar going on here, as sure as my name ain't Silly Simon! I twigg'd masters Pat and Bob, for all their fine git up and snowy 'air.

(*Looking round room.*)

Ah! Here's a closet (*takes the key out*), I'll propriate this here! (*Stoops, and looks through key-hole.*) Capital watch-box,—plenty of room to lie down in; lot o' pillars too! Brayvo!

(*Trying key in drawing-room door, it fits.*)

Ah! Thought so! This is the master-key, left in the wrong door. *Conspiricee*, I know there is; hope there ain't going to be murder!

Enter Mrs. GINTEARS, rather shaking.

What's the name of the lady? Do yer know?

Mrs. Gintears. No; I knows nothin; except they made me take the oath I. C. U.—Ugh! (*Shivers.*) Look at the oies in that skull! They're burnin loike bruntstane!

Dick Smith. Gently, my dear; you've had a drop too much of your old friend! Here, gie me that; (*taking hold of bottle*) you'll niver get to bed if yer go it like *that*! What o'clock is it? My eyes! what a splendid ticker! That's another of ole Solomon's *curossities*, I'll bet! (*Takes hold of watch.*) By Gomm! it only wants five minutes till Eleven. Here; I can let myself out! I'll come another night! (*Taking her by the arm.*) You go to bed!

Mrs. Gintears (*looking at watch*). Eleven o'clock! Oh! oh! I see you, ole skull! (*Shivering,*) Good—night,—Dick.—Shut—door

[*Exit.*

Dick Smith (*listening*). Here they be! (*Examining revolver.*) Now for my watch-box!

Enter PAT and BOB, carrying a lady with cloth over her face.

Pat Prigger. There! we've done our part of the programme for to-night. By the powers! She *does* look lovely! I think our Lord Chancellor knows how to choose; but he'll find his labour a bit harder than our'n, or I don't know the girl. She is *butiful*! It is a pity! I'd sooner a blowed up all London, than had this job!

(*Looks pitying.*)

Bob Knuckleduster (*pulling him by the coat*). Bah! wimmen and music are Irishmen's weak pints! Come on, she'll come *tu* directly.

[*Exeunt Pat and Bob, locking door.*

Dick Smith (coming cautiously from closet). Poor Constance! What scheme now? This is the first act of some hellish *drammer!* I allers loved her more nor t'others; although she used to say sharp things to me; but I desary'd 'em! She looks sweeter than ever! By Gomm, I'll stick to her to the last. Ah, she stirs; I musn't be seen.

(Re-enters closet.)

Constance (recovering consciousness). Where am I? Ah! what horrid dream is this?

Am I awake? Alas! Those cruel men!
I knew them, notwithstanding their disguise!
But why this outrage?—Watch and jewels safe!—
They must be agents, paid by some of those
Conceited, heartless, fiends that prey upon
Unguarded beauty's sweets; that flit about
And buzz, as night-flies down the leafy lanes,
To steal the virtue from the evening flowers,
Which, ravish'd, leave to wither in their shame!
What evil omen's *this?* A perfumed note!

(Reads aloud.)

Charming Constance,

At the play to-night, your acting was perfection.
I drank in the sweet tones of your voice, and feasted on
your unsurpass'd beauty, till madden'd by the answering
gaze of your soft loving eyes, I could bear it no longer.
I have taken measures to make you mine; I trust you will
find your cage comfortable, till I come round to take you
in my carriage to rehearsal to-morrow.

Your madly, ardoring lover,

FITZAMORE.

Pshaw! That titled, gazing fool, who thinks
That ev'ry woman, like an o'er-ripe plum,
Is prone to fall, at's wish, into his mouth!
'Tis too absurd! Too much a coward he,
For such a plot! Ah! no; some bolder fiend,
And longer steeped in villany and vice
Is here involved! Oh; Heaven send me aid!

(Goes round and tries the doors.)

All lock'd;—except this bed-room door, whose key
I'll keep. *(Looks at watch.)* 'Twill soon be midnight, and
the hours

For deeds of evil. Hark! Now, some one comes.

(Retires to bed-room.)

Enter LAWYER SMART, *followed by Mrs. Gintears with*
tray of refreshments.

Smart (in a loud voice). There; that will do; now, you
can go to bed.

Mine's ready, I suppose.

Mrs Gintears. Yis; I-see-you
Ole skull wi blazin eyes! Ugh!

[Exit shivering.]

Smart. Pooh! Go to bed!

(Picking up note.)

Ah! Here's his Lordship's promised *billet-doux!*

Enter CONSTANCE.

(Smart pretending surprise, and offering hand, which Constance
does not take, but coldly bows.)

Ah! Constance here? Embower'd in my rooms?

This is an unexpected treat, indeed !
 I did not know my housekeeper had let
 This floor. A royal feast we'll have to-night !

Constance (haughtily). Does *we* include expected friends ?

Smart. Oh ; no ;

Mayn't *I* and *you* become a *we*, when joined
 In social harmony, without a third ?
 Another person here would spoil the feast !
 Come ; help yourself.

Constance (with distant politeness). A biscuit only, thanks.
 I feel a little faint.

Smart (opens bottle of champagne). A glass of *this*
 Will soon restore your strength, and warm
 Your blood. Ah ! would it could but warm your heart !
(*Offering a glass.*)

Nothing like sparkling "Clicquot," save your eyes !

Constance (sarcastically). No, thanks ; more *imps* than
 one may there disport !

Smart. Ah ! What d'-y'-mean by such absurd distrust ?

Constance. Can I depart ? 'Tis late ; and I am here
 Against my will.

(*Approaches door.*)

Smart. No ; stay ! Such fortune comes not ev'ry day !
 And see ! I pick'd up *this* (*showing letter*). A friend of mine !

Constance (aside). Oh ! My suspicion just ! The elder
 fiend !

Smart. I dare not let his bird escape, except

On good conditions. What a simple fool
To wait the morrow! Tempting happy fate!
The while, a friend steps in and quick forestalls
His pleasure! Well, you must have given him cause
To hope success. Perhaps the coronet
Attracts your eyes, now Lord le Grange is dead.

Constance. He is not dead.

Smart. What will he think of this?

Constance (firmly). I care not. Conscience is my lord
and judge!

I don't believe Fitzamore used the means
That placed me here; there's preconcerted plan
In this! I see you (*Smart starts*) wince.

Smart (aside). I. C. U. How
Could she know that? (*Aloud.*) What shocking means
were used?

Constance. Pat Prigger and his burglar friend can best
Inform you. (*Sarcastically.*) Did you take the murderer's
oath?

Smart. Alas! Why will you disbelieve my words?
You know how long and fierce I've loved; and, though
I cannot offer you a coronet,
I still have riches, houses, lands, and mind
I'll appreciate your worth, your charms, your love!
If you'll become my wife, all these are yours.
My house shall be your kingdom, and my life
Devoted to your slightest wish! Is not

My offer better than the life of toil
 A soldier's wife must bear? And have you no
 Ambition? Oh, no cruelty of mine
 Can equal yours to me! Cold-hearted girl!—

Constance. I have ambition! For I would excel
 In that divine and noble art that shows
 To man his vicious nature, and unmasks
 The scoundrel to the world; or lifts the scales
 From sordid eyes to look on manly worth
 Ungilded with a rich outside! I love,—
 But not the scheming fiend who seeks for gold
 In Hymen's lap; nor yet the butterfly
 With human body weigh'd to earth, that creeps
 And grovels there in lustful mire. No threats
 Or coaxing guile can change my firm resolve!

Smart. Then know, Miss Chastity, that you are here,
 A pris'ner till the butterfly shall set
 You free; unless you promise to be mine;
 I give you half an hour to make your choice.

(Places writing materials on table and exit.)

Constance. Oh! Heaven give me pow'r to think and
 act!
 I go to pray for trust and hope!

(Retires to bed-room.)

DICK comes cautiously out of closet, writes and leaves revolver
 on the table. Retires to closet.

Re-enter CONSTANCE.

Constance (taking up revolver). Oh! instrument of start-
ling tongue and breath
Of fire; but still more dreadful tooth! What friend
Has sent thee here to me?

(Picks up paper and reads aloud.)

DEAR CONSTANCE,—I know you're cool and plucky, you
may want this; it's loaded; daren't stay; can do more
good outside.

Yours,

DICK.

(Burn it.)

My thanks, good Dick.

(Writes.)

My answer to the wily Lawyer Smart!

(Writes another letter.)

Yes; I appeal to him, my dearest, best!

To come and take me to his shielding breast!

My own, my brave, my true, my darling love!

(Takes up revolver, but forgets the letters; retires to bed-room.)

Re-enter SMART.

Smart (picking up letter). Ah! we shall see! This one
to Sixshooter

I'll put within the cover meant for me;

Then *that*, and mad Fitzamore's note will stir

The soldier's bile, until it burns like fire!

(He changes the covers and raps the table.)

Enter BOB KNUCKLEDUSTER.

Here, put these letters in your own cover;

Then haste; deliver it to Sixshooter.

Bob Knuckleduster. Good-night, sir. (*Aside.*) He's had a rough sail, I think !

[*Exit.*

Enter CONSTANCE.

Constance. You have received my note ; why linger here ?

Leave *me* to settle with your silly friend !

Smart. Ay ; I received the note ; the other too ! I've sent it to your soldier-lover, now, Together with Fitzamore's ardent scrawl.

Constance. You cruel brute and worse than murderer ! But Heav'n will clear my fame !

Smart (rises, and is about to rush forward). We part not thus !

I plead no more ; I'll try what force can do.

Constance (presenting revolver). Stand back ! Stir not a foot, or else I fire.

Smart. You dare——

(*Constance fires, the ball passes close to his head and strikes a mirror. Smart recedes.*)

Constance (still aiming with revolver). Begone and quit my sight ! O craven wretch !

Smart. To-morrow I come arm'd with learnèd men To try your sanity ; you're my ward ; I'll have you yet !

[*Exit, locking door.*

(*Constance bolts the door, and retires to bed-room.*)

Dick Smith (coming cautiously out of closet). Brave girl!
Poor girl! Now sleep.

(Looking towards audience comically, and holding his sides.)

But I.C.U. old skull wi' blazin' eyes!

(Makes a grimace).

[Exit, locking door.

SCENE III.—*James Smith's Room.*

Enter SIXSHOOTER.

Sixshooter. Not here? She promised sure to meet me here.

What can prevent? What means this rushing strange
That swells my heart, and mounting to my brain,
Bedims my reason? Am I jealous grown?
Methinks my darling is too much exposed
To harm that beauty tempts. Oh, fragile sex!
And delicate of mould! More still of fame!
That like the mainspring of a watch, a breath,
Or smallest drop of acid eats away,
And leaves the case a useless ornament.
Beware the subtle poison, calumny,
That lurks beneath the thoughtless gossip's tongue.
I saw, at the play, with what delight all eyes
Attracted, gazed—with admiration some,
And some with passion's eager glance! I sat
Beside that lawyer, Smart, and thought I saw
A look of fiendish triumph on his face!

(Seeing a letter on the chimney-piece, he reads it aloud.)

Sixshooter, Sir,—Picked up these here letters opposite
Number 9, Queer Street, Leicester Square. I knows you're
no friend o' mine, but I thinks you oughter know how your

old sweetheart's a goin' on. She's at Mrs. Gintears' lodgin's. No great shakes; visited by Lawyer Smart, and they *du* say, a certain lord.

Yours formerly,

BOB ———

This carrion crow begins to roll the ball
Of calumny. Ah! What? Address'd to Smart!

(Reads aloud)

DEAREST ONE,—Come as quickly as possible. I am all alone, very miserable, longing to see your dear face. I am detained here against my will. Oh, when shall I be freed? With fondest love, ever yours,

CONSTANCE.

(Reads Fitzamore's note.)

Oh, God! Can this be Constance? Oh, my heart
Is breaking, brain deranged! To think so sweet
And charming fruit should have no vital core!
To love this Smart—above all others, too!
And call on him to champion her wrongs!
Alas, for man! The other fool I know!
Has no respect for woman. Yet I think
He daren't commit such outrage unallured.
She must have given him cause. I know not what
To think. Am I awake or dreaming? See!

Enter KATE SMITH.

(Shewing letters.)

Dear Kate, my happiness destroy'd; my life
A wreck! Oh Constance! Faithless girl! Ah me!
I thought her near perfection's self.

Kate Smith. Cheer up!

This is some frightful mystery! I'll ne'er

Believe my sister Constance false; you may,

(Taking another letter off chimney-piece)

Not doubt, till you have heard her in defence.

Ah, see! From Dick to you!

Sixshooter (reads aloud). DEAR SERGEANT,—There's a devil of a plot on foot; enclosed is master-key of No. 9, Queer Street. Go at once, Constance is in great danger. The pass word's "I see you." Stick the key in the closet door.

Yours,

DICK.

I go, with aching heart, to save the shell;

The kernel's gone for ever. Constance! Constance!

[Exit.]

SCENE IV.—No. 9, Queer Street.

Enter SIXSHOOTER, sticks key in closet.

Sixshooter (picks up man's glove ; looks at tray). Remains
of night's debauch ! Oh, still more proofs !
Indeed, the wicked story must be true.

Enter CONSTANCE, approaching from bed-room.

Constance. At last you come to save me, dearest one.

Sixshooter (motioning her off with his hand). No, stay
can *two* be dearest *one* ? Look on
This note address'd to Lawyer Smart ! Explain
Its burning words, if possible ! And say
How came you *here*. To think I worshipp'd such
An idol ! Wanton shared by two or more !

Constance. Condemn me not unheard ! Two dreadful
men—

You know them both—Pat Prigger and his mate,
Bob Knuckleduster, dress'd as gentlemen,
Attacked me in my cab, and threw a cloth
Upon my face. I knew no more until
Return of consciousness, and then I found
Myself alone, in these apartments left ;
An hour of agony and dread of shame
Succeeded ; then arrives that fiend of fiends,

The schemer, Smart, his oily tongue with lies
 Befraught; a banquet spread, inviting me
 To share the tempting meats; though hunger pleads
 And faint with fear, I firm refuse, and take
 A biscuit only; treating the man with scorn.
 I wait the issue. Soon, on bended knee,
 He offers me his base and vicious heart,
 His hand, and home, which I, with loathing soul,
 Reject. In anger now, he gives me one
 Half-hour to choose between his offer'd hand
 And infamy. I then retire to ask for strength
 From Him to whom the helpless never plead
 In vain. When I return, I find this friend

(Showing Revolver.)

In need! 'Tis yours, I think, and so 'tis
 more

Than jewels prized. I wrote two letters, one
 To you, need *I say which?* and one to him,
 The purport, "Never!" Then when he return'd
 The notes were gone. I charg'd him on the spot
 With theft; he said he'd sent both notes by hand,
 And gloried in the pain he thought you'd feel.
 And next advanced, with threat, to force his will!
 Yon shatter'd mirror bears the proof of my
 Defence.

Sixshooter. But this address? A specious tale!
 They dare not thus proceed without some show
 Of reason, lure, or base encouragement
 By word or deed!

Constance. That can I not explain ; but look, nor deed,
Nor word, nor even gesture, have I shown
To tempt this wrong. And you, of all men best
Belov'd, the almost idol of my soul
Still doubt my faith, my chastity. Then let
Me go ! Farewell !

(She approaches the door.)

Sixshooter. No, stay ; we part not thus, in wrath ! I love
You still, e'en as we prize the flow'r by some
Belovèd hand bestow'd, although no scent
Remain ! And I would wear away my soul
To prove you pure ! One last embrace ?

Constance. Embrace !
No, never more, till heav'n shall clear your heart
Of doubt, and prove my innocence !

[Exit.

Sixshooter. Oh, God !

(Throws himself on a chair, with face in his hands.)

Enter LAWYER SMART.

Smart. What ! Sixshooter ! By what means *did* you
gain
Admittance here ?

Sixshooter. The I. C. U. You start
And pale at those three words.

Smart (looking in bed-chamber). The bird has flown.
What right have you to thus invade my rooms ?

Sixshooter. What right have you t' imprison one against
Her will.

Smart. She is my ward, and I will have her yet.

Sixshooter. You dare not press your claim ; and if you
raise

Your hand to touch her gentle form, beware
My shielding arm.

Enter TOBIAS SMITH.

Smart. Pray, *what* brought you here, sir ?

Tobias. My hoss some part, my legs the rest o' the way.

Smart. How did you enter ?

Tobias. By the door, in coorse.

Now, where's my niece ?

(Shaking a hunting whip.)

You spavined jade, speak up.

Smart. I neither know or care ! At hide and seek.

Tobias. I'll make a Chancery Ward on her, that'll make
You care, Nick Smart, as sure as I. C. U.

Smart (aside). Ah ! I. C. U. again ; there's treachery
somewhere.

Tobias. Speak up, I say. My niece writ you a note.
What word or words ?

Smart. A lot of loving stuff.

Tobias. You lie ! You changed the covers ; you were
seen

To do it from that closet ; I. C. U.

Told *me*. You've also forged a name ! How pale
You look. I've seen my Lord Fitzamore. See

His stout denial (*shows letter*). P'raps I. C. U. saw
You *write* the note.

Smart (aside). By Jove! I'm undermined. It must be
Sharpeyes.

Tobias. Speak up, you greedy shark; you shall disgorge
Your prey. You plotters fly a ragged sail.
There's Pat and Bob and Gintears, draggie-tail!
Poor druken fool wi' "I. C. U. ole scull
Wi' blazin' eyes!" Beware! you all are watch'd.

Smart. Now leave my house, or I'll give you in charge.

Tobias (to Sixshooter). Are you convinced?

Sixshooter. Aye, ten times o'er.

Tobias (aside to Sixshooter). Dick saw it all. (*Aloud*)
Old hoss,
You've lost a shoe, as sure as I. C. U.

[*Exit.*

Smart. I wonder who the traitor is

(*Rings.*)

Enter MRS. GINTEARS.

Make haste

You hag, you've spoilt the game. Who came last night?

Mrs. Gintears. The doctors and yourself were all I seed,
I've kept the oath; I 'mitted none but what
Said I. C. U. Ah, look! The skull! The skull!
And bones! The skull wi' brimstone eyes!

Smart. Peace, fool. Now go and look for Constance
Smith.

SCENE V.—*James Smith's Room.*

Enter JAMES SMITH.

James Smith. I wonder what's the row. There's such a
fuss,
And runnin' in and out! The Pledge is up,
So that's a comfort; yis, "Care killed the cat,"
The ginger beer 'as verry near killed me!

Enter Mrs. GINTEARS.

Good mornin, Missis Gintears; how d'yer like
Yer place? Been up all night? You *du* look pale,
As if you'd seen a ghost.

Mrs. Gintears. And p'r'aps I *hev*; I seed a skull last
night.

They *du* say there wur a mad girl upstairs
At Number nine. She's smashed the *shovel*-glass.

James Smith. Oh yis; that's your romancin' friend, "Old
Tom"

As put that idear in yer head';
Hast seen my wife? I b'lieve *she's* off top!
There's summat up.

Mrs. Gintears. Is Constance here?

James Smith. Not now; she's been, and gone; she'll
come again.

There's nowt but comin' here and goin' there
To-day. D'ye want to see her ?

Mrs. Gintears. Not at all.

(*Offers gin.*)

Just take a drop ; but you're a totaller !

James Smith. Oh, no ; the pledge is up. I'll take a
glass

To drink the 'ealth o' your ole skull !

Mrs. Gintears. Amen !

James Smith. Come none o' that ; for that's profane !

Mrs. Gintears (*fills glasses. They drink*). Dear ! No ;
It's earnest ! (*shivers*): Ugh ! that skull !

James Smith. Bother the skull !

I'll sing a song as'll lay your ghost in's grave.

Enter DICK SMITH.

James Smith (*sings*).

THE ABSTAINER'S LAMENT.

I.

When first that Yankee tongue-glib chap

 Showed up in town and city ;

And Alcohol received a slap,

 I ridiculed the *idee* ;

That I should e'er become the fool

 To give up my O. D. V.

The social cup, for drink from pool

 Let it sparkle e'er so brightly !

CHORUS.

Then let the tea be e'er so hot
 The coffee e'er so kindly,
 I ne'er forgot the pewter pot,
 Nor the glass I left behind me !

II.

You'll ask me how it came about,
 That I could be so silly ;
 Well, wife would flout, and daughter pout,
 And son call'd "*Scholard Billy*,"
 Would let me have no peace at home,
 Argifying and teaching ;
 "There's crime i' the wine, sin i' the foam !"
 On hearing Yankee's preaching.

Chorus. Then let the tea be e'er so hot, &c.

III.

They pointed to the *ribbon blue*,
 The new badge of Salvation !
 The only means, they'd prove it true,
 To save this wicked nation !
 That all who did not don this mark
 Of tee-total abstainer,
 Would grope for ever in the dark,
 They couldn't put it plainer !

Chorus. Then let the tea be e'er so hot, &c.

IV.

I pleaded that I ne'er abused
The cup : in moderation,
The spirit often life infused
After jovial potation.
I challenged proof, that any night,
Returning from a party,
That they had ever seen me tight !
Or anything but hearty !

Chorus. Then let the tea be e'er so hot, &c.

V.

But all in vain ; they curses bring
From parson and from minister ;
They, in my ears, new Gospel sing,
And say my views are sinister !
That I encourage crime and vice,
And everything that's shocking ;
So I give in at any price,
To stop their prate and mocking !

Chorus. Then let the tea be e'er so hot, &c.

VI.

I need not say how much I miss
My wine and grog forsaken ;
Nor have I found the pledge a bliss
Which I, a year have taken.

No jolly fellow greets me now
 With " Jim, come let me stand ye
 A glass of ale at ' The Barley-Mow,"
 Or just a nip of brandy."

Chorus. Then let the tea be e'er so hot, &c.

VII.

I'm growing thin, and that's a fact,
 And pale and wan and weary
 Of ev'ry whining song and tract
 Of teutotalism dreary.
 I don't believe I've saved a sot,
 Or any other sinner,
 By giving up my glass and pot,
 And daily growing thinner !

Chorus. Then let the tea be e'er so hot, &c.

VIII.

The year is up, the pledge is out,
 I'll suffer no more slav'ry !
 My son may preach, my wife may flout,
 I'll stand upon my brav'ry !
 So now I'm off to some wine-store,
 To start the New Year, mind ye,
 Where they sell ale of X's four,
 And jolly there you'll find me !

Chorus. Then let the tea be e'er so hot, &c.

Dick Smith. Now, my dear Mrs. Gintears, how's " Old Tom ? "

Deleeriums-tremen-jous, eh ! last night ?
That's one o' your fav'rites.

Mrs. Gintears. Don't spile that song !
It's sooth'd my droopin' 'eart ! Good-bye.

[*Exit.*

James Smith. What's *that* about the skull ?

Dick. Nothing ; Resurrexionists. Doctors held
A meeting there, and played upon the *bones* !

James Smith. By Gomm ! St. Swithin's day, to-day,
I'm off
To christen th' apples o' my eyes ; hurray !

[*Exit.*

Dick (*placing letter on chimney-piece*). There ! that's from
Sixshooter. Yis, Constance, dear,
I think we've scotch'd the snake. I'm on the watch !

[*Exit.*

Enter CONSTANCE.

Constance. Ah ! no ; men do not love as women do.
Their love is selfish ! Fleeting as the down
Upon the thistle-top, that flits before
The lightest wind ! It's ten o'clock ; I feel
The better for refreshing sleep, and dream
Of joy restored ! (*taking letter off shelf.*) 'Tis his dear
hand ! I dread
To break the seal ; and yet why should I fear ?
Did not the angel's finger, in my dream,
Direct my eyes to *this* ? Now, courage, heart !

(*Reads aloud*). Purest, dearest of your sex, my own Constance ; all is cleared up. I deeply lament my jealous and unworthy conduct. I am coming immediately to ask your forgiveness. Ever your devoted lover,

SIXSHOOTER.

Ah! purest, first! 'Tis like himself. Now, Heav'n Be praised (*kissing the note*), my brave and noble soldier-love!

I've strength to meet all trouble now.

Enter Mrs. SMITH.

Mrs. Smith. At last, my dear, the cruel time is o'er, And I may tell you who you are. One night In bitter winter ; lying ill in bed at my Good brother's cot, a knocking loud and quick Awoke my baby, Kate ; a lady enter'd nigh Exhausted with the cold. You then first saw The light. In place of my twin babe that there Lay dead, she placed you by my side ; and then Exacted oaths from uncle To. and me Not to reveal the truth till Death had seized Your cruel grandpa, Earl of Fogtown. Then She hung two jewell'd portraits round your neck, A packet sealed, address'd to Lawyer Smart, She gave to Toby. Then she kiss'd your face, And sighing, "Constance!" died. Your father came Next day, but, overcome with grief, he ne'er Enquir'd the truth ; believed the baby hers That then lay coffin'd by her side. And, now,

My dear, I go to fetch the proofs of what
I say.

[*Exits.*]

Constance. Alas! my mother! What would I
Not give to lay my head upon your breast!

(*Bows her head in her hands and sobs.*)

Enter LAWYER SMART, *unobserved.*

Smart (aside). In tears? I wonder what's up now!

(*Makes noise to attract attention.*)

Constance (turning round, draws herself proudly up, sarcastically). Inform

Me pray, what evil news, or trouble dire
Awaits us, honour'd by such messenger
As you!

Smart. No need, proud, haughty girl, for this
Too scornful greeting. Come! It is too bad
To thus accost a friend!

Constance. A friend, indeed! I know too well your
deep
Designs to trust your smirking bow and smile
Put on! And your confed'rates, where are they?

Smart (aside). I'll make her *Smart* for this! (*Aloud.*)
You'll see them soon
Enough. I now demand your hand. You know
How passion moves. I love you!

(*Kneels.*)

Constance. Rise! Explain!

(He stands up.)

Say where the packet is that you received
When Lady Fogtown died.

Smart, turning pale (aside). By heavens, she knows
The secret! *(Aloud).* Stuff! Do you believe the lies
Of those who dare pretend to prove that you
Are *somebody*, and not their child? 'Tis all
Devised to raise your fame, and by that means
Some money make. But I can thwart their plans.
Nay more, to Lord le Grange, I will denounce
Your soldier-lover, robber of his plate;
Unless, indeed, you now consent to be
My bride; or mistress, if you that prefer!

Constance. I you defy, and all your devilish schemes!

Smart. Then I the first instalment seize!

(He seizes her by the waist; she screams).

Enter SIXSHOOTER.

Sixshooter. Hands off!

*(Being loosed, she rushes to Sixshooter and lays her
head upon his arm).*

How dare you touch sweet innocence with your
Polluted hands?

*Enter POLICEMAN Y, PAT PRIGGER, KNUCKLE-
DUSTER, TOBIAS, DICK, and PAWNBROKER.*

Smart. See, there he stands, now seize
The thief. Two years ago he stole some plate

That bore the crest of Lord le Grange,

Sixshooter. I can
Deny the charge! disprove it too!

Pat Prigger. 'Tis false.
Me and my mate for you the swag did pawn.

Knuckleduster. And gi'e him the tickets, gold and all.

Sixshooter. You had
Your share, at any rate. (*Laughing.*)

Pawnbroker. 'Tis true, with me
Some plate was pawn'd, that bore that crest,
Long since redeem'd!
(*Tobias whispers to Policeman Y, who makes a long, low whistle.*)

Policeman Y. I cannot take this charge.
I must have proofs; perhaps my Lord le Grange
Will prosecute.

Constance (greatly relieved). Thank heaven, he never will.
(*Dick whispers to Policeman Y, who again whistles*

Policeman Y. There's no case here. Come, Dick, and
have a glass.

Dick (aside). No, stay and have one here with me.

Policeman (aside). All right.

Pawnbroker (to Smart, aside). The woman Smith's re-
deem'd the portraits and
The pearls; I must be in the wood, unseen,
A day or two.

[*Exit.*]

Smart (aside). And I depart in haste
To make the packet safe. (*Aside to Pat and Bob*) You're
sure you set
The clock to strike at dinner time ?

Pat Prigger (aside to Smart). Trust me
For that. (*Aloud*) To Lord Fogtown's, we follow you.
[*Exit Pat and Bob.*]

Smart (aloud to Sixshooter). For you, conceited whelp of
some low cur,
Your day of liberty is done.

Sixshooter. My heart, of bliss is now too full
To heed your paltry threats.

Tobias (to Smart). Now greasy-heel'd and weak-knee'd
hack, be quick,
Produce the packet that I placed with you
Some twenty years ago. 'Tis my turn now.

Smart (sneezing). In truth, to take a *rise* in life, ha ! ha !
With all your dirty crew, ha ! ha ! Adieu !
[*Exit.*]

Sixshooter (to Tobias). I leave this precious gem quite
safe with you.
[*Exit.*]

Tobias. And now, my Lady, dear as life to me,
We go to meet my sister at your home—
Your noble father's Hall.

[*Exeunt Tobias and Constance.*]

Policeman Y. Well, Dick, my boy,
Here's luck

(*Drinks.*)

Dick. I looks towards you (*drinks*). Now
Just listen to my tale. The other day
I took a room above the one where Pat
And Bob hang out. Soon in the chimbley made
A breach, from which, descending, I might twig
The plots these chaps were hatching; then I bored
A gimlet hole below the upper floor,
Just big enough t' observe the goin's on—
I'll show it you. To-day, about an hour
Ago, I seed the lawyer, Smart, and Pat
And Bob, wi' Tim Sixshooter's bag; in this
They clapp'd a clock and parcel; then I heer'd
'Em say, "Its set for one o'clock, the pack
Of sneaks will then sit down to dine. Of course
They meant us, 'cause *we* would not jine the band.
My father then came in, drunk as a hog:
They tried to make him take the oath, but through
The hole I growl'd, "Swear not at all!" How quick
They disappear'd. But see, 'tis nearly one,
By Gom! no time to spare. Here is the key.
Make haste and look. Where can be Cripple Joe?

Enter CRIPPLE JOE, with satchel, books, and slate.

Be quick, you little fool! Jump on my back!

SCENE VI.—*Lord Fogtown's Reception Room.*

Lord Fogtown (reading a letter). Ah! joy! 'Tis she!
'Tis she! The counterpart
Of my lost love, long grieved-for wife. I grow
Impatient now to press the darling child
Against my breast. Thank heaven, here they come.

Enter TOBIAS SMITH, MRS. JAS. SMITH, and
CONSTANCE.

Welcome, my friends!

(Tobias approaches, bows, and presents Constance; father and daughter embrace.)

Tobias. My lord, behold your child!
I have a good one of my own, but not
More lov'd than she; I've train'd and cared for her
For twenty years and more; and though the oath
Imposed by your sweet wife lay heavy on
My soul, ah! still I cannot part without
A pang. You take the sunshine from our hearths.

(Sheds tears.)

Constance. Cheer up, old nurse, I'm not about to run
Away; but oft intend to come and sit
Beneath the honeysuckle in the porch
And tease you still, and pet your bonnie colts.

Mrs. Smith. My lord, here are the portraits of yourself
And wife ; and here the pearls she hung around
The baby's neck ; this slip of paper sign'd,
With loving words to you !

(He kisses it and hands it to Constance.)

Lord Fogtown. Thanks.

(Showing emotion.)

Mrs. Smith. When we came
To town, nigh seven years 'tis now, I placed
These things in pawn for safety-sake, and paid
The int'rest. More than once the time had near
Run out ; but Heav'n provides the means, when all
Else fails, to honest folk !

Lord Fogtown. I soon, to you
Will prove that I am grateful for the care
You have bestow'd on this my darling child !

Enter LORD LE GRANGE.

Congratulate me now, Le Grange.

Lord Le Grange. I do,

(They shake hands)

With all my heart ! *(bowing to Constance, who offers her
hand).* We are old friends, and pleased
Indeed am I that she has found so good
A father !

Lord Fogtown (to the others) Friends, let us withdraw
awhile.

[Exeunt all but Constance and Le Grange.]

Lord Le Grange. Now lady we are equal. No excuse
Remains to dash my hopes!

Constance. My lord! You do forget!
The other obstacle is stronger now
Than when I first declined the honour of
Your hand. The test, of which I spoke, beyond
All expectation realized! And now
I wait a father's kind consent alone
To ratify my vows.

Le Grange. But *I* the promise hold, should I succeed
To win your love.

Constance. I know your chivalrous
And noble heart could never stoop so low
To break a lady's heart. Oh had I seen
You first, ah! then had I accepted you.
Now, pray persuade my new-found father to
Consent to give me to my humble lover!

Le Grange. You ask great self-denial, but I'll do
My best.

Constance. Thanks, most esteem'd of men.

[*Exit Le Grange.*]

Enter LORD FOGTOWN, from another door.

Oh, father!

Can *you* forgive a foolish child? For long
Ago my heart was giv'n to one of birth
Inferior to your own, but not less noble
In worth. I *love* him still; he comes to claim

The promise of my hand! (*kneeling*) Oh, pray consent!
Think of the wasted years of *your* dear life!
My mother's cruel death!

Lord Fogtown (raising her and looking lovingly at her.)

But I have giv'n

My word to Lord le Grange.

Enter MARY SMITH, presents a note to Lord Fogtown.

Mary Smith (curtsying). My Lord le Grange

Requests me to give this note to you.

(Turns and embraces Constance.)

Lord Fogtown (reading). Le Grange gives up his suit
and speaks in terms

Of favour of your lover.

Constance. Noble man!

Enter SERGEANT SIXSHOOTER.

Lord Fogtown (aside). By Jove, a Non-Commissioned
Officer!

This *is* too much (*Aloud*) Hem! what's your name, my
man?

Sixshooter. Tim Sixshooter, my lord, of good old stock
My pedigree will show, although this strange
And ugly name.

(He kneels to Constance.)

Constance (laying her hand on his shoulder). On this firm
rock I take

My stand in spite of coat or pedigree.

Enter TOBIAS *and* MRS. SMITH.

(Tobias whispers to Lord Fogtown.)

Lord Fogtown. I give consent. May heaven bless you both!

(Places their hands in each other.)

A loud explosion is heard in distance. All start.

Lord Fogtown. Ah! hark! What terrible explosion next?

Enter SMART, PAT PRIGGER, KNUCKLEDUSTER,
and POLICEMAN.

What means this strange commotion in my house?

Lawyer Smart (pointing to Sixshooter). My lord, beware that dangerous man. We came To warn you of his character; he once Was famed for house-breaking! These two men can Bear witness.

Sixshooter. What can they prove? I challenge them to say.

Pat Prigger. We seek my Lord le Grange.

Sixshooter (putting on wig and beard.) Behold him here!
He joined your band to win
From vice and crime as many as he could;
But *you*, incorrigible roughs, could not
Be moved by money, love, or fear! Your hands
Are raised against the social laws of man.

Constance. Oh! Joy! The two combined in one!
Beware!

My soul, Idolatry!

Enter SHARPEYES.

Tobias. Now, *my* turn comes. Produce the packet, sir,
Of Lady Fogtown, trusted to your care.

Smart (stammering). I cannot find it, *I* believe 'tis lost:
'Tis little consequence, directions, forms,
Certificates, and things of no account.

Sharpeyes (presenting packet to Lord Fogtown). Tis false!
I found them in the stove of your
Own private room.

Lord Fogtown (examining papers). These deeds are
marriage settlements, advice
To pay a yearly sum to educate
My daughter, and directions, when she came
Of age, to pass them on to her or me.
Have these directions been complied with?

Tobias. No.
I often called, when times were bad, to know
If anything was left to educate
The child. The answer, *What* child? *Do* you take
Me for an ass that you can saddle as
You please, and handicap to boot, my man?
Had not the generosity of this
Most splendid man, my landlord, Earl le Grange,
Then intervened, we must, indeed, have starved!

Lord Fogtown. You'll be struck off the rolls for this,
I think.

Enter POLICEMAN Y.

Policeman Y. Ask pardon, gentleman, but I have here
A warrant 'gainst these men.

(*Pointing to Smart, Pat and Bob.*)

Enter DICK, *with Cripple on his back.*

Dick Smith. My lord,
A narrow 'scape for us and many more!
The block is just blown up by dynamite
Machine. Those three cowardly scoundrels had
Devised the plan for money, hatred, and
Revenge, and socialistic aims and ends.

Mrs. Smith. My husband, where is he?

Policeman Y. He's safe enough. He's getting sober
at the Station-House.

Enter LADY LE GRANGE, THE HON. TIGRINA
PHILOKUNE, *and* MASTIFF *and* SELFISHASS.

Lady le Grange (*bcwing to Lord Fogtown*). I come, dear
boy, to bless your bride and you.

Tigrina (*patting her dog.*) And I wish you joy!
In fault of better I. V. A. fall back
On Selfishass.

Selfishass (*yawns*). He-haw, and I agree

(*Yawns.*)

To share with Bob (*patting Mastiff*). What love she has
to spare.

Enter KATE SMITH, BILL SMITH, &c.

Kate Smith. I bear a message from the Queen with
these.

A clasp for valour prov'd and tried !

(Putting a clasp on Sixshooter.)

A wreath for Virtue, Valour's bride !

(Putting wreath on Constance.)

May blessings, aye, be pour'd on you,

The lov'd, the constant, and the true !

And now kind audience 'tis for you to say

How far success may crown this topic-play,

Which paints the burning questions of the day.

GOD SAVE THE QUEEN.

N.B.—The writer of the play only endorses, "in toto," the views
and sentiments of Sixshooter, Tobias Smith, and Constance.

ARGUMENT.

The First Act shows the wretched state of London Slums, and the dwellings and condition of the outcast and poor three years ago.

The Second Act shows the improvements after the Sanitary Acts, effected by Religious and Temperance and other Societies, and Individual Effort.

The Third Act shows the effects produced by a more systematic plan for improvement.

Underneath this picture is a slight sketch of the evil tendencies of Nihilism, and a humorous attack of some of the fashionable peculiarities of the day.

The Fourth Act develops the Plot.

PLOT.

A nobleman in disguise tries to find, by mixing up with outcast and poor, what are the best means of reform; he falls in love with Constance, who is a changeling—a circumstance unknown to him or anyone else, except Tobias Smith, Mrs. James Smith, and Lawyer Smart—of high family. He woos her under both aspects—as Lord le Grange and Tim Sixshooter. Smart, who is ambitious to gain her hand, plans a most diabolical scheme to blow up Smith and some other members of Smith's family; indeed, all that know anything of Constance, and to get Sixshooter sent into penal servitude. He falls into the pit he has laid for others, and Sergeant Sixshooter—Lord le Grange—obtains Constance's hand.

MISCELLANEOUS PIECES.

The Bride of Death.

LINES ON A PICTURE HAVING THE ABOVE TITLE.

The brave Alphonso loved a lady fair ;
He wooed and won her heart, her soul was his.
A bright unsullied spirit, shining through
A frame of peerless beauty, moonlit pale,
Clad her in seeming immortality.
Nor dreamed he of the rival dark,
Whose icy hand a secret claim of stern
Betrothal held upon the lovely form.
Not till the magic ring confirmed her his,
And he about to taste the cup of bliss,
Did that grim, dreadful rival from his lips
The nectar dash ! In agony of grief
He bowed his head, his spirit burned, but found
Not utterance. She was "The Bride of Death!"

*FROM THE FRENCH.**Les Fainéants*PAR BOILEAU.

La molesse dit
Hélas ! qu'est devenu ce temps, cet heureux temps
Où les rois s'honoraient du nom de fainéants
S'endormaient sur le trone, et me servant sans honte
Laisaient leur sceptre aux maius ou d'un maire, ou d'un
comte ?
Aucun soin n'approchait de leur paisible cour ;
On reposait la nuit ou, dormait tout le jour
Seulement au printemps, quand Flore dans les plaines
Faisait taire des vents les bruyantes haleines,
Quatre bœufs attelés d'un pas tranquille et lent
Promenaient dans Paris le monarque indolent.

TRANSLATION.

The Lazy Kings.

Effeminacy said

Alas! that time, that happy time! O whither has it flown,
When certain kings felt honoured with the noble name of
drone;

Who, sleeping on the Gallic throne, my slaves, devoid of
shame,

Their sceptres left to mayors, and of power bore but the
name?

No care dare venture near their court, so peaceable and gay;
Because they rested all the night and slumbered all the day.
'Twas only in the Spring-time, when soft Flora in the plains
To silence put the winds, and bound the breezes rude in
chains

That four fat oxen harnessed-to, of quiet step and slow.
These kings, so soft and indolent, through Paris drew for
show.

SCHOOL HALL,
BURY ST. EDMUNDS,
22ND FEBRUARY, 1856.

*FROM THE FRENCH.**Sur le Cathédrale à Rheims.*PAR MADAME TASTU.

Vieux temple antique honneur de la cité royale,
Où Clovis inclina sa tête martiale,
Et sentit, sous la main du pontiffe sacré
L'onde saint mouiller son front régénéré
N'as-tu pas vu, du sein de ta froide poussière
Les siècles endormis, se lever l'ombre altière ?
Pour toi les temps passes vont-ils renâitre encore ?
Oui ; ta nef resplendit de feux d'azure et d'or ;
La foule se pressant sous tes muets portiques
Y réveille l'écho des saintes basiliques,
Et fière avec transport tu ressaisis ces droits
D'entendre, et de bénir les serments de nos rois.

TRANSLATION.

Ancient temple, antique honour of the old and royal town
Where the fierce and kingly Clovis erst his martial head
bowed down ;

When he felt the holy water sprinkling his regen'rate brow,
As beneath the sacred Pontiff's hand he spake the solemn
vow ;

From the breast of thy cold ashes of the ages lulled to sleep
Hast not seen the haughty shadow proudly rise from slum-
ber deep.

Come not times, long past, before thee, greeting thee as
friends of old ?

Yes ; thy nave resplendent glows with fires of azure edged
with gold.

Multitudes are crowding 'neath thy tall piazzas' speechless
domes,

Waking loud the solemn echoes of thy holy courts and tombs,
Proud thou claim'st again, with transports, rights of ancient
date to bear,

Rights to hear, approve, and bless the oaths our mighty
monarchs swear.

On Mr. and Mrs. Freeze.

(MRS. FREEZE'S NAME BEING BURN.)

WRITTEN FOR AN IRISH BOY AT RUGBY SCHOOL, WHO SENT A
COPY TO A COVENTRY NEWSPAPER UNDER ANOTHER NAME,
THE AUTHORS BEING ROPER AND ABEL.

When *Freeze*, by nature, cold as ice
To love first deign'd to turn,
He changed his feelings in a trice ;
For then he sigh'd to *Burn*.
All uncongenial as he seem'd.
'Twas only so in name,
The rays that from *Burn's* bright eyes beam'd
Did *Mr. Freeze* inflame.
Now Cupid, mischief-loving scamp,
Resolved this pair to tease ;
Freeze first he thaw'd at Hymen's lamp,
And *Burn* he doom'd to *Freeze* !

To Harrie.

Bright was the sun and clear the sky,
When Hymen made thee mine ;
Light were our hearts, our hopes were high,
And all my soul was thine.

Time has not changed my ardent love,
Still riper grows our joy ;
Rough though our path, its course doth prove
Possession doth not cloy.

Memory still reflects the past—
Recalls the vision fair ;
Sandgate at night, when Luna cast
Her honey o'er the pair.

Smooth were thy waves, O silvery sea !
The steamboat quickly flew ;
Blissful the prospect then to me,
Boulogne-Sur-mer in view.

Many a day since then has flown,
But love, in married life,

By mutual aims has firmer grown
With thee and me, my wife.

Oft, when misfortune weigh'd me low,
Thine energy awoke
Fire from the embers feeble glow!
And sorrow fled like smoke!

Long may the fates extend thy life
To guide our children four;
Sending its aid to bear earth's strife,
May heav'n its blessing pour!

BRIGHTON,

21ST JULY, 1884.

The Lady's Lap-Dog.

"LOVE ME, LOVE MY DOG."—*Old Adage.*

It chanced that oft a lady fair
 Glided across my way,
With bright brown eyes and plaited hair,
 In which the fairies play
At "Peep-bo-Peep," a dangerous game
 That whirls one in a fog :
Beware, lest she your heart should maim !
 She keeps a little dog.

Her eyes expand when pleased or grieved,
 And flash with lovely fire ;
Her nose is Roman, so believed
 Submission to inspire ;
Then, in her witching presence, mind
 You fall not 'neath her clog !
For, though she *likes* poor human-kind,
 She loves her little dog.

Her form is graceful as the swan
 And gentle is her mien,
Her hand is fair to look upon,
 Her arm, too, needs no screen.

Yet all her winning wiles beware !

She'll ask you, stupid log,
With face serene and tender air,
Love you my little dog ?

Her heart is large ; affection dwells
In every vein and pore,
And many a friendly action tells
She's kindness to the core ;
These charms might seize you on the hop
As storks snap up a frog ;
You might the fatal question pop,
But for that little dog !

How many beaux have sigh'd in vain.
How many pined away,
Are not the subjects of my strain,
Nor can I truly say :
But *this* I know, though all the rest
To me remain incog.
The *being* that her heart possess'd
Was that sleek little dog !

But now a panic fills the land
At *water-madness* rife,
So dogs are muzzled, kept in hand,
Or quick deprived of life.
The fair one grieves at this decree,
Defies Policeman Hogg,
Who swears if he should catch him free
To shoot her little dog.

I trust propitious fate may give
Policeman Hogg the chance ;
I would no longer single live,
Or change perpetual dance,
But throw my fortune at her feet,
Her slave through life to jog,
And grateful for caresses sweet,
• Replace her little dog.

BURY ST. EDMUNDS,
1859.

The Death of the Czar and Nihilism.

THE FIRST TWENTY LINES OF THIS POEM WERE WRITTEN FOR
THE PRIZE COMPETITION, "WEEKLY DISPATCH."

PEACE reigns around ; 'tis now the day of Rest ;
The people of St. Petersburgh, returned
From prayer, for mid-day feast, their homes have sought,
When through the silent air, a boom ! and then
Another startles all ! A shell has burst !
What terror strikes, as rushing through the street
They view the scene. The Czar, the Pope-King lies
Upon the snow ! His bleeding form now tints
The white-clad ground ! His person, once so grand,
But now a shatter'd corpse, is hurried on
To lie in state 'mid all the pomp of woe.
The news is flash'd to ev'ry court. Dismay
Is rampant ! Weep O kings, and princes mourn,
And learn ! No common man was this.
A king of men ! Eagle of highest soar
Among the eagles ! Yet, beneath his stars
And decorations heaved a genial soul

Unmoved by fear ; e'en, when the first shell burst,
His care was for the wounded, innocent
Of being Czars. Much had he done to raise
The Common-weal ; had he not free'd the serfs
And giv'n them property in land ? And taught
The nobles proud, to treat these slaves as men ?
But promise of reform, yet unfulfill'd,
And growing hunger of the tutor'd few
Who, freedom-struck in foreign lands, had learn'd
The privilege or rights of men to share
In making laws, themselves were bound t' obey,
Had madden'd with despair to make them just
Without destroying all the social frame !
These Nihilists are call'd ; misguided men
Who think by base assassin's hand to cow
Their rulers, terrorize the land, disdain
The law and crush all human feeling from
Their breasts ! Who, " Killing is no murder," cry,
When kings, or princes, or their satellites
Are victims doom'd ! Infatuation mad !
To think by slaying foremost men to serve
Mankind. E'en *that* sufficeth not ; no law,
No government ! Each free to sate his lust !
To level all things down ! Till man, at length
Reduced to savag'ry begins anew
The cycle of his race. And chiefs in skins
Of beasts, or aprons made of leaves, again
Go forth to hunt and lead their tribes to war ;
Or till the lands with uncouth tools of stone !

What death and devastation must precede
This state of things ! Yet socialistic dreams
Must lead to *this* ! Equality indeed !
Unknown to art is perfect smoothness ; glass
Has its inequalities, and marble flaws :
Much less in Nature is such *fancy* found,
The spacious desert has its storms of sand,
The mighty ocean waves unequal heaves.
With varying winds the placid ether sighs.
Then, why expect that men with passions wild,
With different pow'rs of body, mind, and soul,
Who make their customs, dress, and laws to suit
The clime where Providence, or chance, or fate,
Or will, or inclination places them,
Why hope that men alone can equal be ?
Survival of the fittest is the law !
But what to think of those, who, good and great,
To gain a party triumph, oft touch-down,
And, truckling to the mis-led mob, invoke
The aid of agitators, and insane
Fanatics, their projects-pet to pass where lurks
Some spice of rank injustice which would fail
Without by tyranny of numbers press'd.
Oh, fatal error ! Suicidal acts !
To loose the dogs of anarchy and tempt
The lawless dragon, traitorous to raise
His horrid head. Once raised, so hard to crush.
And after rivers red with blood have run,
A tyrant new uprises ; true reform

Delay'd, with hearths and homes and lands laid waste.
Pray Heav'n instil in English statesmen's hearts
The wisdom heedful of the coming ills
That threaten now the empire wide. And throw
No dust to blind the eyes and dim the keen,
The vivid foresight needful for the times!

The Bank Holiday.

WRITTEN FOR THE PRIZE COMPETITION, "WEEKLY DISPATCH."

TOILERS hail the day of leisure,
Leave the moiling scenes of strife,
Noisome smoke and foetid alleys,
Shake off care and seize on pleasure,
Drink from Nature's cup of life.

Busy grubs that labour ever
Butterflies become to-day,
Crowd the piers and railway-stations,
Flutter off to meet relations ;
Greed-gain cannot kinship sever,
Happy greetings free and gay !

Many flock to sports and races,
Fired with hope a prize to seize,
Rushing myriads joy-demented,
Blue-bells pluck, and violets scented ;
Primrose-decked, with smiling faces,
Thread the forest's tangled trees.

Thousands lured from smoky places,
Hie to Brighton, climb the Downs,
View the Volunteer's sham-battle ;
Cannons' roar and rifles' rattle !
Others feebler, slow in paces,
Crowd museums in the towns.

16TH APRIL, 1881.

Acrostic on William.

“A MASHER,”

ON THE EVENT OF HIS MARRIAGE.

W-ill-I-am, who have wooed and won,
I *wonder* why I wish'd to wed ;
Love, laughing, calls me simpleton !
Long life of liberty I led ;
I mock'd at woman's witchery spread ;
At last with dart unerring thrown,
Maria mark'd me for her own.

APRIL, 1883.

Acrostic to Maria,

ON HER MARRIAGE WITH WILLIAM, "THE MASHER."

MARRIAGE is something more solid than wooing,
And Mary, dear! Billy, love! Billing and cooing,
Results far too often in slapping and banging.
In suits at Divorce Court, and sometimes in hanging!
An end few expect when they hear the bells clanging.

APRIL, 1883.

To the Babe, Ada Mary.

THOU art come, pretty bud, to a world that is fair,
Fraught with beautiful plants that may blossom and bear ;
But weeds shoot and flourish ; thistles, briars, and tares
Sometimes choke the loveliest, and kill them with cares :
Yet, bright be thy fate on earth, thou sweet tender flower,
May no withering blast chill thy earth-chosen bower.
And, still, as thou pickest from the oft fatal tree,
May no knowledge of good and ill, harm bring to thee.
As the dreams of some former bright home full of bliss
Fade away ; and thou gainest a loving for this
So here, child, mayest thou learn to live gentle and wise,
That, transplanted from earth, thou mayst bloom in the
 skies.

28TH JULY, 1851.

The Felstead Schoolboys'
First Field-Day.

ATHLETIC SPORTS, 27TH NOVEMBER, 1852.

LIST to that shout of youthful voices loud
Which the soft air delighted wafts o'er hill
And plain. It tells of mirth and joy and gladness,
Imparting rapture to the passing gale,
From hearts as yet untinged with sorrow's rust
Or cank'ring care. Oh, happy hours of youth
Pass'd heedless by!—The holiday is come!
Weep not sweet Nature, do not weep to-day;
Dance in the sun-beams of a blissful sky.
And let the breezes wipe thy tears away.
Yet Nature, peevish, gloomy, mourneth still,
Nor will she hear the cry, though many bright
And sparkling eyes are gazing on her face,
With anxious hope! Beseeching glances mild!
Oh, Nature kind! Thou wilt not spoil our mirth,
Our holiday, with dark'ning frowns? It rains!
She hears them not. The pearly drops, so full
Roll in her eyes, and must, ere long, come down.
The shouts are how prolonged. Hie to the field!

This day the rivalry shall be to run,
Or walk, and try the supple limbs with strides
Gigantic, fast and true ; in contest brave !
The village worthies, spite o' the low'ring sky,
Stalk forth to the course, wading through slough and fog.
The signal now proclaims the hour, prepare !
Ye boys prepare ! That signal has a tongue
That oft'ner calls to study, or to meals ;
But now the playmates ask its clapper's aid,
A merry service in its tinkling peals.
Strip ! strip ! Ye gallants, let a line be form'd ;
Now ! one, two, three, away ! The start is made ;
With emulation fired, they run. The mud
Flies thick i' th' air ; they heed it not, but on
Boys to the goal-flag is the cry ! The boy
That, in the first heat, leads the way
By distance far, the " Major " bold who is
" Humanity " surnamed, with arrowy course
Right swiftly passes by, and wins the race.
Heat after heat they run, and some do make
Full equal contest for a prize ; but some
Lag far behind. Now, " Moley,"¹ Now ! Anon
The young spectators shout, as cheering on
A pale faced youth, but fleet of foot, who wins
A heat, the President, his chief opponent,
By some mischance of his unwieldly form
Lies sprawling, deep within the soft embrace

¹ Moley, so called from his sleek appearance.

Of mother earth. The Mounskin¹ Jonas he.
In final heat of Quarter-Mile, regard
The "Moley" coming in victorious
And rushing to the goal, the "Man of War,"
The "Partridge" fleet he fairly beats, and e'en
The dark-eyed "Nigger," panting for a prize
But in the final heat of half-a-mile,
The Partridge, swift ahead of his compeers,
Flies in and wins the stakes. A truce! a truce!
Now for the slower sport. The walking-match
Begins. 'Tis fun, indeed! enough to make
Diogenes, the surly, laugh to see,
As toe-and-heel, in measured tread, they pass
The course; the umpires, too hard set, to pull
Delinquents back. The fair Gilsonian youth
Out Herods all; and wins the match 'gainst time;
And yet again adds honours to his prize,
Mid plaudits loud of laughing lookers-on,
The "Major" joins the "President" this race
To conquer Time; so taking hold of his
Old forelock grey, they steal, with fiery haste,
A laurel from his brow, and with success
Are crown'd. More angry Nature grows, and now
Lets fall on their devoted heads, her ire
In drenching rain to shelter driving all
This mirthful band, and ends this joyful sport.

¹ Mounskin, jolly, humorous.

The Lorn Love-Bird.

Pretty little paraquet,
Merry, chirping, household pet !
Breast of green, but on the back
Golden-yellow, striped with black,
Yellow throat with purple speck,
Chatt'ring oft thy chick-chack-check.

Dost thou miss thy charming mate,
Love-Bird ! picking at thy pate ?
Who can, billing, keep thee clean,
Love-lorn, now, without thy queen ?
No one now to share thy seed !
No one now with thee to feed !

Fellow, now, for perch or play
Thou hast none, the live-long day !
Spouse so loving, where is she ?
Torn from life, and cage and thee !
Snatch'd away by cruel cold !
So the sad, sad tale is told.

Hast thou now no love to please ?
Neither hast thou shrew to teaze.
Rival none the praise to share
Lavish'd on thy plumage rare.
Then, pretty love-bird with us stay,
Chirping merry all the day !

XMAS, 1871.

The Idiot.

ODE.

SOLD AT THE CRYSTAL PALACE BAZAARS, IN AID OF THE
IDIOTS' HOME.

Beneath a weeping-willow's grateful shade
A hapless, puny, listless urchin lay ;
A fugitive by young oppressors made ;
He lacked the mother-wit to learn or play.

His vacant eyes in senseless languor roll,
As though in search of peace, but finding none ;
He hears the song of birds, the vesper's toll,
And sees the golden rays of setting sun.

The many coloured flow'rets meet his eye ;
The graceful branches of the bending tree,
The hum of bees oft greets him, winging by,
But touch no chord of sensate sympathy !

Why heeds he not the varied joys they give ?
Why makes he no response to Nature's call ?
Instinctive only midst her works to live,
Discerning nought, but seeing, hearing all.

'Tis vain to seek for print of mental joy,
Engraven by the plate of Nature's face ;
Beneath yon tree reclines an idiot-boy,
The pitied, scorn'd, avoided of his race !

No playmate shares with him the mirthful hours ;
No kind companion soothes his childish moan ;
The social lamp no light upon him pours ;
He sighs in vain ! He laughs and weeps alone !

'Tis sad to look upon the deaf and dumb,
Deformed or maim'd, or limping, sick, or blind :
But sadder far where every sense is numb,
On blind, or sick vacuity of mind !

Then haste, ye wise, benevolent and kind,
Support with energy of heart and hand
The proud asylum for the dead in mind,
The haven for the idiots of the land.

WRITTEN AT BURY ST. EDMUNDS.

Acrostic—The Volunteer Review.

PRIZE COMPETITION, "WEEKLY DISPATCH," APRIL 23RD, 1881.

Vast crowds, intent on pleasure, o'er Brighton Downs out-
spread

On Easter Monday, early, a blue sky overhead ;
Loud bands of music cheering, the Volunteers advance
Up hill and o'er the lowlands the Yeomen's chargers prance,
Nor heed the blinding atoms that in the east-wind dance.
Th' attacking force is forming on Falmer's chalky sites ;
Eastward lie the enemy, behind New-Market heights ;
Eager their movements watching, preparing for the fray,
Ranged is the artillery, its roaring part to play.

Red, blue and green, and grey coats—the gorse ablaze all
round—

Engage ; amid the smoke, the cannon, booming, shake the
ground.

Volley replies to volley o'er the thick extended trail ;
Imagine the disaster, did shell and bullets hail !
Experts blame the strategy, a farce the sham-fight call.
When past the grand-stand marching, we proudly cheer
them all

BRIGHTON, 1881.

The Battle of Majuba.

PRIZE COMPETITION, "WEEKLY DISPATCH," 1881.

Majuba ! Fatal hill to British pride !
And witness of the fell event that strew'd
Thy heights with slain ! Thy echoes thus repeat
The story dire. Through mists of darksome night,
A chosen band, a handful of brave men,
To seize the hill of vantage, toiling hard,
In silence, march ; and then, like lions, climb
The steep, and hang upon the rocks, nor halt
Till nigh exhausted, on the crest they pause,
And there regain their force. Meanwhile, alarm'd
By scouts, the Boers the foe to meet prepare.
With distant shots, but true, from line in rear
They open fire, and then advance, and charge
Four times ; each time repuls'd, undaunted stand ;
For now, their front line creeping on, through bush
And grass, unseen their with'ring volleys fire,
Then, standing up, in overwhelming throng,
Surprise, mow down, and rout the little band
Whose comrades, too, outspread, below the ridge

To bring up aid now flee ; the General falls
And all is lost ! To sate a nation's pride,
To win back fame, and wipe away the stain
By Ingogo, and on Laing's Nek incurr'd
This luckless General led his men to die !

The Nine Changes of Man.

There is an hour of budding life
When innocency reigns,
Ere yet the source of sinful strife
Is tingling in our veins.

There is an hour of childish glee,
Though tears bedew its wing ;
For smiles peep through them, and they flee
Like clouds in the op'ning Spring.

There is an hour when sports and fun
Drive sorrowing thoughts away
When tedious tasks of school are done,
And boys are free to play.

There is an hour when ardent love
Creeps o'er the spirit's strings,
Or flutters like a turtle dove
Its witching, blissful wings.

There is an hour of manhood's birth,
Ambition reigneth then,
And tempts to fame, or wealth, not worth,
Enthrals the heart of men.

There is an hour of earthly prime.

When midway o'er the scene
The actors pass, 'tis harvest time,
The mind is ripe and keen.

There is an hour of grey old age,

The winter time of man,
When he discovers, mighty sage !
That life is but a span.

There is an hour, the hour of death,

When everything is doom'd
That budded, blossom'd, or drew a breath
In earth to be entomb'd.

There's yet an hour ! Oh happy dream !

When death and sin-born pain
Are swallow'd up in vict'ry's stream,
And spirits rise again.

Quarrel between Imperial and
Reputed Pint Bottles.

IMPERIAL PINT, LOQ. :—

Avaunt ! You dwindling dwarf, and quit the stage
Or, once in my embrace, with honest rage
I'll pound your puny paunch to powder fine,
And rid the world of one *Impost* on wine !

REPUTED PINT, RESPONDS :—

Oh, spare me, honest bottle ! Spare ! and think
Of my *repute* in ancient stores of *drink* !
Oh, save me, public *gull'd* ! Oh, what's a gill ?
A *swallow* more or less the skin to fill.

IMPERIAL PINT (SARCASTICALLY) :—

Spare you ? you're *spare* enough for conscience sake !
So lean, in truth, no one can measure take
Of your too varying form and shrinking size.
Your doom is fixed ! Then fall, no more to rise !

REPUTED PINT DIES.

The Xmas Tree.

1863.

Old Time has rolled off seven years
Since Hymen made us one ;
And though some sorrows, damp with tears,
Vexations, toil, and anxious fears
Have tinged them in their run ;

Yet Providence has crowned our love
With one bright, merry boy,
And three sweet girls with laughing eyes
To heal our griefs and hush our sighs,
And fill our hearts with joy.

Then sing, domestic hearth, of bliss
With spirit full and free ;
In merry tones, all cares dismiss,
'Neath mistletoe the bairns we'll kiss,
And hail the Christmas Tree !

Hang on the dolls and trinklets rare,
The bon-bons, nuts, and dates,
For George the twisted trumpet spare,
For Daisy place the lady fair,
The puss in blue-eye'd Kate's.

And little Edith, latest flower,
 What pretty prize shall she,
To deck her tiny self or bower,
While angels guard her every hour,
 Pluck from the Christmas Tree?

Dear Madgie, wife of fondest love,
 Declares with mother's glee,
I'll look around, below, above,
And choose a toy for charming dove,
 From off the Christmas Tree.

Now Emma, aunt, put on their pumps,
 Let all with noisy glee,
With shouts of fun, with hops and jumps,
And eyes that laugh at trips and bumps,
 Dance round the Christmas Tree.

A Xmas Carol to Kith and Kin.

1863.

THOUGH absent from my natal home,
My spirit thirst for fame ;
Though through the world my footsteps roam,
And thought be busy o'er each tome ;
My heart beats still the same,
While searching in the well for truth,
I pause, oft, as I pass,
Oft finding error, pain, and ruth,
I call the loved of early youth
"To Mem'ry's mental glass."

First comes my mother, to whose care
I owe my first delight.
Can I forget her fond embrace,
Her kindly smile, her gentle face,
Her wish to lead me right ?
Her, whom afflictions long have tried
And bent with racking pain ?
No, sing to her this Christmas tide,
Let strains of love through ether ride
With blessings for refrain.

My father next comes ; three score years,
 And silver'd o'er with grey,
Midst joy and sorrow, hopes and fears,
In tones of love that please the ears,
 My songs shall be this day,
While thinking of his many deeds
 For me so kindly done.
Oft from my heart he tore the weeds,
And sowed from honour's store the seeds
 Of virtue in his son.

And now I'll sing my brothers three,
 And darling sisters twain ;
I'll sing of Dick across the sea,
Alone in distant Colony,
 And wish him home again.
Then Alf and wife with children three
 Shall fill a lyric place.
May Christmas find them full of glee
And bless the happy family
 With every smiling grace.

At length, I turn to sing of Jack,
 The youngest of the brood ;
May many a joy fall on his track,
No earthly comfort may he lack,
 But rest in cheerful mood.
Love Polly, dear, to yours and you,
 May prosperous be your state,

With husband honest, stedfast, true,
And pretty chicks, a merry crew,
 To shout and laugh and prate.

Now Lucy, darling, soon, and late,
 And aye, in Mem'ry's glass !
With sunny Lillie, glorious Kate,
And Hinda Mary, may kind fate
 Protect when troubles pass,
And bring you balm when sorrow low'rs
 From purest source above ;
Melodious songs for happy hours,
And blessings borne on falling show'rs,
 From fonts of heavenly love.

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